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NOTES AND NEWS	33
AFRIKAANSE GESKRIFTE IN ARABIESE KARAKTERS	36
BADEN-POWELL AND AN EARLY SWAZILAND POSTAL COVER	45
A RUSSIAN VIEW OF THE CAPE IN 1853: FROM GONCHAROV'S FREGAT PALLADA—I	48
RECENT SOUTH AFRICAN PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS	77
DIE JONGSTE STAATSEUITGAWE	78

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CHAS. J. SAWYER

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NOTES AND NEWS

For reasons that need not be elaborated here, historiography, or the science of writing history (as distinct from the straightforward chronicling of events) has been a late developer in South Africa. There have been recent signs, however, that a new spirit is moving among the historians. Dr. F. A. van Jaarsveld's *Die Afrikaner en sy geskiedenis* (1959), in proposing a new and more objective approach to the writing of South African history, may prove to have been a landmark in historical studies. In 1960 a shorter but equally significant study by another Pretoria Professor, Dr. C. F. J. Muller of the University of South Africa, applies modern historiographical techniques, as well as a keenly analytical mind, to one particular document: the *Memorandum on the condition of the Colony* published by G. M. Theal in his *Records*, volume I, and attributed to "F. Kersteins".* Professor Muller is able to show that this *Memorandum*, probably written in 1795, is of comparable importance to the better-known *Memorie* of De Mist (published by the Van Riebeeck Society in 1920). Although not a lengthy document—it amounts to scarcely 3,000 words—it is shown to embody the considered opinions on the "state of the Cape" of an experienced and intelligent colonist in the last years of Company rule; it did in fact help to mould the development of commerce and trade in the early years of the nineteenth century, and must take its place amongst the important source-materials of South African history.

But this is not the most significant element in Professor Muller's monograph, which he aptly sub-titles "a critical study". The *Memorandum*, as reprinted by Theal, was a copy; its date and the identity of its writer were unknown; and Professor Muller's task has been to reconstruct, by a patient and impressive chain of reasoning, not only these missing facts, but also the writer's place and authority in the small Cape world he lived in. To describe further the steps by which this mystery has been unravelled would be to spoil the reader's enjoyment of an achievement which can be appreciated on at least two levels: as a detective story and as a historical *tour de force*. Its publication will undoubtedly lead to the critical re-examination

*C. F. J. Muller, *Johannes Frederik Kirsten oor die toestand van die Kaapkolonie in 1795: 'n kritiese studie*, 110 p., Pretoria, van Schaik, 1960 (Hiddingh-Currie publikasies van die Universiteit van Suid-Afrika, no. 4).

of many documents and indeed "facts" hitherto accepted without much question in South African history. In bringing Johannes Frederik Kirsten out of comparative obscurity Professor Muller has not only done him justice, but has struck a blow for the detached and intelligent deployment of the true tools of South African historiography.

* * *

Readers who were privileged to hear Sir Geoffrey Keynes's lecture to the Friends of the S.A. Library in Cape Town early in 1958 on William Blake's Illustrated Books will take particular pleasure in the news that a member of the Council of the Friends, Mr. J. Zion, has generously presented to the Library a copy of the magnificent Trianon Press facsimile of Blake's *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, published for the William Blake Trust during the past year. Described as "the most exciting and readable of all Blake's books", the *Marriage* was probably begun in 1789 and completed in 1790-4. Only nine copies are known to have been made, of which four were painted with water-colours; the present facsimile was made from one of these—indeed, from the copy bought from Blake by Isaac d'Israeli in 1794, and finally bought from the Beaconsfield Library in 1938 by Dr. A. W. Rosenbach for Mr. Lessing J. Rosenwald, in whose collection—now in the Library of Congress at Washington—the copy is now preserved.

The facsimile has been made by basic collotype printing in green and black ink, followed by the application of successive water-colours by hand through stencils, in the manner described by Sir Geoffrey Keynes in his Cape Town lecture. 526 copies were printed, of which the S.A. Library's copy, suitably bound in green morocco, is Number Five.

Any member of the Friends who would like to examine this superb piece of craftsmanship for himself, is asked to get in touch with the Chief Librarian, or with his Deputy, Mr. Lewin Robinson.

* * *

In this number of the *Quarterly Bulletin* we are glad to be able to reprint a series of three articles originally appearing in the Cape Town newspaper *Die Burger*, by Mr. P. J. Muller, on a subject about which little has so far been written: the works published at the Cape in the last century for the use of the Cape Malays, written in Afrikaans but represented in Arabic characters. Professor A. van Selms, in his *Afrikaans-Arabiese studies*, has already described some of these rare items, which have both historical and philological significance. Mr. Muller names no fewer than 21 works of this nature which have so far been traced, and no doubt others will still be discovered.

In acknowledging our indebtedness to Dr. W. E. G. Louw of *Die Burger* we should also like to draw readers' attention to the interesting series of articles that have been appearing in that journal on the classics of Africana, from the pen of Frederick Boekman (Mr. F. J. Wagener). Interest in the "staple fare" of Africana—such as Burchell, Lichtenstein, Le Vaillant and the other "giants"—is now so widespread that it is of particular value to have them described in their context—especially since to purchase a copy of the original has become beyond the means of most of us, and we are obliged to read the texts in reprinted editions or in the Africana libraries.

* * *

Three publications from the South African Library may perhaps be mentioned in these notes: one, published under the imprint of the Friends of the S.A. Library in 1960, and two promised for early 1961. The 1960 item is, of course, the *Matabeleland Travel Letters of Marie Lippert*, 1891, translated from the German and introduced by Mr. Eric Rosenthal, and edited with additional notes and index by Mr. D. H. Varley (Cape Town, Friends of the S.A. Library, 1960. 15/-). A thousand numbered copies of this work were printed by the Photographic Department of the University of Cape Town Libraries, with a dozen of Marie Lippert's original pencil sketches reproduced with pleasing clarity and fidelity. These *Travel Letters*, describing a visit by mule-cart to Lobengula's kraal, can claim to be interesting from many points of view: they have a Cape, a Rhodesian, a German, a Jewish and an artistic interest, and the work has already been well reviewed in the South African press and on the radio.

Promised for early in 1961 is the current annual publication of the Van Riebeeck Society, *Selections from the Correspondence of J. X. Merriman*, 1870-90, which has been edited with thoroughness and distinction by Mrs. Phyllis Lewsen, formerly of the University of the Witwatersrand. As Mrs. Lewsen remarks in her Introduction, J. X. Merriman's letters may prove in the long run to have been his major contribution to South African history, for while his career was in a measure dogged by failure at the highest level—his hope of becoming the first Prime Minister of the Union was doomed to disappointment—it was those very qualities leading to "failure" by his own high standards in public life that made him a brilliant and above all civilized and literate correspondent. Moreover, he was throughout his long public life in daily correspondence with well-known personalities both in the Old and New Worlds, and there are "in-letters" of great interest among those chosen by Mrs. Lewsen for inclusion in this volume, which it is hoped will be the first of three. The work will of course be sent to all paid-up members of the Society for 1960, and is available at member's price to any who

join henceforth. Particulars of the Society and its membership (30/- or R3) may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Van Riebeeck Society, South African Library, The Avenue, Cape Town.

* * *

The third publication, now in preparation, has a less popular appeal, but is nevertheless convincing evidence—if it were needed—of the national importance of the bibliographical work being undertaken at the South African Public Library. It is the fourth, revised edition of the *Bibliography of African bibliographies South of the Sahara*, compiled by Mr. A. M. Lewin Robinson, and is to be published as Grey Bibliography no. 7. It comprises about 1,300 entries, each one being in its turn a systematic list of entries or references to the particular aspect of African life to which it refers. This bibliography, which has grown acorn-wise from an article in the journal *South African Libraries* some twenty years ago, was last revised in 1955: since then there has been a vast increase in the amount of writing about Africa, and anyone studying affairs in this awakening Continent will find himself lost in a sea of paper without some such navigating tool as "BABS", as it has come to be, colloquially, called. The foundation of several Departments of African studies in the United States, the appointment of Dr. Conrad Reining as specialist in African bibliography at the Library of Congress—these are large straws in the wind, for which the S.A. Library is serving—as for many years past—as a kind of bibliographical weather-cock. Copies of "BABS the Fourth" may be ordered from the Chief Librarian, S.A. Library, Cape Town, for 15/- plus postage, or from the usual booksellers.

AFRIKAANSE GESKRIFTE IN ARABIESE KARAKTERS*

I

Die „heel eerste Afrikaanse taalbeweging" het nie in die Paarl begin nie, maar in die Slamse Buurt. Die vader van hierdie „beweging" was nie 'n Diets-bewuste predikant nie, maar 'n Turkse godsdienstige geleerde wat die Islam aan die Kaapse Maleiers verduidelik het in die enigste taal wat hulle as hul moedertaal geken het.

Klink dit na 'n gewaagde stelling? Tog nie, veral as mens in aanmerking neem dat die eerste volwaardige boek in Afrikaans, *Die Bajaanoeddien* (letterlik: Openbaringe van die Geloof), 'n rituele handleiding vir Moslems was, en wat boonop in Arabiese karakters gedruk is!

* Herdruk van *Die Burger*, 25 en 30 November en 7 Desember 1960, met die vriendelike toestemming van die Redaksie en van die skrywer.

Die eerste „volwaardige” boek in Afrikaans, omdat Afrikaans hierin nie gebruik word om komiese effekte te bereik nie. Intendeel, dit was een van die eerste pogings om Afrikaans as kultuurtaal in te span. Die skrywer van hierdie werk was sjeik Abu Bekir Effendi, wat in 1862, ná onderhandelinge op hoë vlak tussen die Britse en die Turkse regering, na die Kaap gekom het.

In die jaar van sy aankoms stig hy dan ook die Moslem Theological School. Anders as wat die naam miskien te kenne gee, was die voertaal in hierdie skool Afrikaans, hoewel dit toe nog nie op hierdie naam genoem is nie. Die skrywer van die *Bajaanoeddien* was dan ook ’n poging om te voorsien in ’n behoefte aan ’n handboek in die taal van sy leerlinge. Hoewel Slamse kinders hoofsaaklik in hierdie skool kom „katkiseer” het, het hulle daar tog ook elementêre onderrig in lees en skrywe ontvang. Hierdie skool was in werklikheid dus die eerste Afrikaansmediumskool. En dit met die goedkeuring van die Britse owerheid aan die Kaap!

Soortgelyke skole is ook deur twee van Abu Bekir se seuns in Kimberley en Port Elizabeth gestig. Die posisie van Afrikaans in hierdie skole was dieselfde as in die Kaapse skool. Die een seun, Hisjaam Ni’mat-allah, het selfs ’n Turkse goewermentskoolboekie oor die vernaamste Moslem-pligte vir gebruik in Afrikaans vertaal.

Die manuskrip van *Die Bajaanoeddien* is reeds in 1869 voltooi, hoewel handskrifte van dele daarvan voor dié datum reeds vryelik gesirkuleer het. Hierdie manuskrip het merkwaardig behoue gebly, hoewel dit vir meer as negentig jaar in besit was van mense wat die betekenisse daarvan nie besef het nie.

Dit was egter eers in 1879 dat dié boek in druk verskyn het. Dit is in Konstantinopel onder toesig, en op koste van, die Turkse ministerie van onderwys gedruk. Dit beslaan 320 gesteedrukte bladsye, en het ’n Turkse sowel as ’n Arabiese voorwoord. Interessant in die taal van *Die Bajaanoeddien* is die vrywees van die Nederlandse ortografie—hoewel dit tog soms deurstraal—en wat lei tot ’n besonder fonetiese weergawe van die Afrikaans wat honderd jaar gelede deur die Kaapse Maleiers gepraat is.

’n Paar getranskriebeerde sinne op bladsy een van *Die Bajaanoeddien* lui só:

„Drie fards is: was syn hele gaseg een keer, en was syn twee hande saam met die elmboogs een keer, en was syn twee voete saam met die twee knukkels een keer; die vierde Fard is: vryf die kop een keer. Die gaseg is tussen die ent van voorkop syn groeiplek tot onder die ken—dit is die gaseg syn lankte. En die gaseg is van die punt van die oor tot die punt van die ander oor—dit is die gaseg syn breedte” . . . „En spoel die nies met driemaal varse water is soennat. En trek die vingers deur die baard galyk gaseg was, is soennat. En trek vingers deur die vingers galyk hande was, is soennat. En trek die linkerhand syn pinkie van onder deur die toontjies—begint

van die regter voet syn klein toontjie tot na die linker voet syn toontjie galyk was voete, is soennat." (Fard: verpligting; soennat: gewoontevoorbeeld van die Profeet.)

En nou 'n Anglisisme wat soos 'n klein vossie ingesluip het: „Rasoelloellah het gavry op syn kop agter gewas syn twee voete.”

Opvallend in die taal van Abu Bekir, is die gebruik wat hy maak van leenwoorde wat onder die Maleiers bekend was. Moontlik het hy gemeen dat hierdie woorde reeds lank genoeg in gebruik was om as „ingeburger” beskou te word. Aangesien feitlik al die leenwoorde wat in *Die Bajaanoeddien* gebruik is, vandag nog bekend is, wonder mens of hy nie reg was nie. Hoewel hy as geleerde die oorspronklike vorme van hierdie leenwoorde moes geken het, gebruik Abu Bekir soms die „Kaapse” vorme daarvan. Waarskynlik ook om bogenoemde rede. 'n Spesifieke geval is die woord *aghâma*, wat vandag nog onder die Kaapse Maleiers godsdienste beteken.

Hoewel *Die Bajaanoeddien* nie so oud is soos Meurant se *Zamenspraak* nie, is die kultuur-historiese waarde daarvan m.i. tog groter as die werk van Meurant. Abu Bekir se werk was ook die beweegkrag vir die skryf van minstens 21 ander Afrikaanse geskrifte in Arabiese letters. Hierdie werkies strek van handleidings oor die rituele reiniging af tot by 'n vyftalige „phrase book” vir toeriste in Moslemlande. Maar daarvan vertel ek later.

Oor die lewe, en die redes vir sy koms na die Kaap, van hierdie haas onbekende taalstryder is nie veel bekend nie. Heel waarskynlik hang dit saam met die Chalifastryd, wat 'n eeu gelede aan die Kaap gewoed het. In 'n poging om hierdie stryd te besleg, het die Britse regering die Turkse gesant in Londen genader oor die moontlikheid om boeke oor die verskillende gebruike van hul godsdienste onder die Kaapse Maleiers te versprei. In antwoord op hierdie versoek is Abu Bekir na die Kaap gestuur.

'n Tweede, maar moontlik apokriewe verhaal, lui dat die rede vir Abu Bekir se koms gesien moet word teen die agtergrond van 'n politieke twis met die Turkse regering. Abu Bekir, wat 'n Koerd van adellike afkoms was, sou naamlik aanspraak gemaak het op erfgronde. In hierdie geskil sou hy aan die kortste end getrek het, en het die Turkse owerheid na 'n geskikte wyse gesoek om van hom ontslae te raak. Vanweë die persoonlike aansien wat hy geniet het, sou heel diplomatiek te werk gegaan moet word.

Die Britse versoek het egter 'n oplossing gebied, en hy is as staatsondersteunde missionaris na die Kaap gestuur—tot met sy dood in 1880 het hy 'n maandelikse toelae van £35 ontvang—hoewel hy in werklikheid 'n politieke banneling was.

Hierdie verhaal strook egter nie met die latere aanstelling van sy seun Achmat Effendi—wat terloops in 1896 kandidaat was vir die Kaapse Parlement—as Turkse konsul-generaal in Singapoer nie. Maar Abu Bekir was klaarblyklik nie net 'n godsdiensteleermeester nie, hy was ook 'n sakeman van

formaat. Volgens oorlewering het hy 'n boedel ter waarde van nagenoeg £10,000 nagelaat. Destyds nogal baie geld!

II

Die verskyning van Meurant se *Zamenspraak tusschen Klaas Waarzegger en Jan Twiffelaar* in 1861 is 'n merkwaardige mylpaal in die geskiedenis van die Afrikaanse boek. Minder bekend is dat daar aanduidinge is dat daar vyf jaar voor dié datum reeds 'n Afrikaanse geskrif in Arabiese skriftekens verskyn het. As 'n mens kan afgaan op 'n berig in die *South African Commercial Advertiser* van 26 Julie 1856 is hierdie werk, *Die Betroubare Woord* deur sjeik Achmat die Isjmoniet, gedruk deur die Kaapse litograaf J. Schonegevel. Van bogenoemde werk kon tot dusver nog geen eksemplaar opgespoor word nie, behalwe 'n tweede uitgawe wat in 1905 verskyn het.

Ses jaar voor die koms van Abu Bekir was daar dus al poginge om Afrikaans in Arabiese karakters te druk. Merkwaardig genoeg het geen ander skrywer dit gewaag om tydens Abu Bekir se lewe met godsdienstige werke voor 'n dag te kom nie. Die rede hiervoor is moontlik dat sy gees te oorheersend was. In hierdie verband kan ook genoem word dat Abu Bekir 'n aangerhan van die Hanafitiese regspraak was, terwyl die meeste Slamse Sjafi'iete is.

Die bloeytydperk van die Afrikaanse geskrifte uit die Slamse Buurt begin dus eers pas ná die dood van Abu Bekir in 1880. Die eerste skrywer in hierdie bedeling is sy seun Hisjaam Ni'mat-allah, van wie se pen 'n drietal werkies bestaan. Tot dusver is 21 Afrikaanse geskrifte in Arabiese karakters opgespoor. Slegs drie hiervan handel nie oor die een of ander aspek van die Islam-ritueel nie.

Die handskrifte in hierdie kategorie is besonder interessant. Dit is meesal aantekeninge oor die godsdienlesse wat leerlinge by hul *ghurus* (leermeesters) geneem het. Die oudste hiervan kan selfs 'n eeu oud wees. Laasgenoemde is in blou en rooi ink geskrywe, en handel oor die rituele gebed. Benewens aanhalings in Arabies, bevat dit paragrawe in Maleis en Afrikaans. Verwant aan hierdie handskrif—ook in ouderdom—is 'n handskrif op folio-velle. Dit bevat benewens aantekeninge oor die gebed, reiniging, bedevaart en die gee van aalmoese, ook 'n vertaling van vier afdelings van die tweede hoofstuk van die Koran. Bogenoemde handskrifte lewer dus getuigenis van skoolaktiwiteite waarby Afrikaans as voertaal gebruik is.

Maar Afrikaans in Arabiese skriftekens was nie uitsluitend die medium vir verspreiding van godsdienstige lektuur nie. Interessant is 'n advertensie van die hand van imam Abdurachman. Onder die opskrif: „Hulp word versoek,” lui dit soos volg:

„ . . . Dan werklik broeders om bekend te maak vir djulle lat Sei-jed Omar het gemaak 'n Raqam (*kalligrafie*) van Kalim La-ielaa-Ra iel-lal-laa Muchammada Rasoe-loe-loe. Sal'am.

„En dit is 'n baijang mooi Raqam. En dit kos hom baijang gelt om te lat druk. So vraag hy broeders om te help koop dit. En waarlik daar is weinig Raqam so mooi. Broeders kan self sien. Kyk hoe trobbel hy gehad om te kry die charafs (*letters*) net soos bome. So versoek om te verkoop dit.”

Hierna teken die skrywer sy naam as synde van Kanaldorp (Distrik Ses). Kopieë van hierdie advertensie is blykbaar as strooibiljette onder die Moslem gemeenskap versprei. Die meeste gedrukte geskrifte (litografieë) handel ook oor aspekte van die ritueel. Dikwels is dit 'n vertaling van 'n bekende Arabiese werk. 'n Interessante verskynsel is dat hierdie vertalinge in die vorm van parafrases van die Arabiese tekste gedoen is.

Die grootste bloei van hierdie literatuur is tussen die jare 1895 en 1905. Hoewel die beweging om Afrikaans in Arabiese skriftekens weer te gee ongeveer 1913 in die sand verloop het, is 'n afgerolde geskrif nog in 1940 versprei. Die weergee van Afrikaanse klanke in Arabiese skriftekens getuig van noue kontak wat die Kaapse Moslem-gemeenskap met Oosterse lande moet gehad het. Nie alleen is die oorsprong van sommige werke terug te voer na 'n Arabiese oorsprong nie, maar ten einde skriftekens vir Afrikaanse klanke te vind, is geleen uit nie-Arabiese skrifstelsels soos dié van Maleis, Urdu en Persies.

Al hierdie geskrifte toon 'n merkwaardige eendersheid van spelling, iets wat mens bv. nie aantref by die paar werkies in Latynse letters wat ook tussen die jare 1895 en 1905 die lig gesien het nie.

Interessant is die benaminge vir die taal waarin geskryf is: die Kaapse Hollandse taal, die Falamank (Vlaams?) en Afrika!

Twee van die boeiendste werkies uit die „tweede Maleier-Afrikaanse taalbeweging”, handel oor nie-godsdienstige onderwerpe. Die eerste hiervan is 'n vyftalige woordelys en kort sinnetjies (in Arabies, Persies, Hindustani, „Afrika” en Engels), wat blykbaar bedoel is vir reisigers in Moslem-lande. Dit is geskryf deur sjeik Abduragiem van Kaapstad, en is in 1900 deur Kalzaar Goesna in Bombaai gedruk. Hoewel Abduragiem 'n Irakees van geboorte is, was hy ook een van die vrugbaarste skrywers van Afrikaans gedurende die „tweede beweging”.

Van die hand van imam Abdurachman, seun van imam Kassiem, seun van Gamielidien, is daar ook 'n gelitgraveerde boek oor goeie maniere. Dit is spesiaal vir kinders geskryf. Hierdie werk bevat voorskrifte oor byna alles wat 'n kind in een dag kan wedervaar. Vir my was die volgende oor vaderlandsliefde die mooiste:

'n Faks
hierdie
in Afri
baar iel
verhane
is na ad

يا الله العظمى
 در شرف هرات بيان يافت يا

in Faksimilee-weergawe van die eerste bladsy van die oudste Afrikaanse handskrif wat in hierdie artikel bespreek word. Hoewel die res van die werk aantekeninge oor die godsdiens in Afrikaans en Maleis bevat—albei in Arabiese skrif—het bostaande kriptiese bladsy blykbaar iets met die toorkuns te doen. Dit is ook in Maleis geskryf, die uitsluitlike medium vir verhandelinge oor die toorkuns. Let op die magiese simbole, veral die vyfpuntige ster. Dit is na aanleiding van die Maleis wat in hierdie handskrif voorkom, dat die ouderdom daarvan op nagenoeg honderd jaar geskat word.



OMSLAG VAN KTAAB VAN TOWHEED. Dit is een van die weinige godsdienstige werke in Afrikaans wat tydens die „Tweede Maleier-Afrikaanse Taalbeweging” in Latynse letters geskryf is.

„Wies lief vir djou lant wat dji groot gawoort hat op syn ard (*grond*) en onder syn samaa (*hemel*). / Help djou lant moet enage iets wat dji kan. / Keer weg enage iets wat sleg maak in djou lant. / Lat al djou verstant en planne werk vir iets goeregeit in djou lant.”

Kan party mense nie miskien by imam Abdurachman gaan les loop nie? Ek vra maar net.

III

„Maar Allah belet kwaad, en order om good te doen, ya anie, al wat Allah uit gezit had zal moet gebeur.” Hierdie sinnetjie het ek raakgeloop in *Sabilunnaja fi Osuliddin*, 'n handleiding vir Moslems oor rituele getruike. Dis in 1895 deur imam Abdurakib geskryf.

Ya anie, het ek gewonder. Sou dit nie dalk die grootvader van die Afrikaanse *ja-nee* wees nie? Hoewel hierdie Arabiese woord in Maleier-geskrifte meestal in sy betekenis van „dit wil sê” gebruik word, het ek tog gewonder of dit nog deur die deursnee Maleier gebesig word, en wat die betekenis is wat hy daaraan heg.

Om dit vas te stel, het ek die telefoon geneem en die nommer van 'n bekende snyer geskakel.

„Maak vir my 'n sin met *ja'anie*,” het ek gevra, „of ken jy dalk nie die woord nie?”

„Nee,” kom die antwoord, „ons gebruik dit nog baie.”

En sy sin: „Ons gaan vanaand fees toe, ja'anie dit gaan somer lekker wees.”

Toe ek boonop agterkom dat die *a* van *'anie* as 'n keelklank uitgespreek moet word, wou ek my rookgeld verwed dat ja'anie verband hou met ja-nee. Kry u dit reg om met die eerste probeerslag so 'n keelskoonmaak-a met gemak uit te spreek? Ek kon nie. Ek het dr. P. C. Schoonees van hierdie „vonds” verwittig. Sy antwoord: „'n Interessante gissing.”

Maar die geval van *ja'anie* is maar één van die interessante woorde, uitdrukkinge, spelvorme, ens., wat mens opval by die deurlees van die enkele „kategismusse” wat deur Kaapse Moslems in Latynse letters geskryf is. Daar is bv. die poging om die tjie-klank weer te gee met *chie*, soos in *beechie*; 'n ander geval is die gebruik van *ietse* vir *dinge*, 'n verskynsel wat mens vandag nog opval in die taal van die Kaapse Maleier.

Tot dusver kon ek slegs drie geskrifles in Latynse letters opspoor. Hierdie werkies is geskryf in die dekade tussen 1895 en 1905, d.w.s. gedurende die „Tweede Maleier-Afrikaanse Taalbeweging”. Interessant genoeg het al hierdie werkies eweknieë wat in Arabiese skriftekens geskryf is. Werkies wat in Latynse skrif die lig gesien het, is almal ook van 'n later datum as laasgenoemdes. Afrikaans in Arabiese skrif was blykbaar die reël, en Afrikaans in Latynse letters die uitsondering.

Die rede hiervoor moet waarskynlik gesoek word in die onderwys wat die Afrikaanssprekende Moslems destyds geniet het. Moslemskole het nl. hoofsaaklik daarna gestreef om kennis aangaande die Islam te versprei. Afrikaans is slegs as leertaal gebruik om hierdie kennis makliker tuis te bring. Om godsdienstige redes was die aanleer van die Arabiese skrifstelsel ook van groter belang as die aanleer van die A.B.C. In die begin van die huidige eeu was daar reeds 'n aantal blanke aanhangers van die Islam aan die Kaap. 'n Mens kan dus aanneem dat hierdie werkies hoofsaaklik vir hulle bedoel was. Dit verklaar ten minste waarom elk van hierdie werke ook 'n eweknie in Arabiese skrif het.

Die oudste van die drie werkies in Latynse letters is die reeds genoemde werk van imam Abdurrahkib. Dit beslaan 21 bladsye, maar geen eksemplaar met 'n buiteband kon sover gevind word nie, sodat die drukker daarvan tans nog onbekend is. Die datum waarop dit voltooi is, 1315 A.H. (1896), word egter in die teks genoem. Invloed van Nederlands is bloot beperk tot die spelling. Die sinsbou is pront Afrikaans. Hier en daar steek selfs 'n Anglisisme sy kop uit, iets waarna mens in werkies in Arabiese skrif hard moet soek. Baie omsigtig is die beskrywing van geslagsake, hoewel die skrywer die moderne oog telkens verbaas met die gebruik van „vierletterwoorde“.

Die tweede werk is geskryf deur sjeik Hendriks. Ook hiervan kon geen buiteband opgespoor word nie. Mens kan die drukdatum daarvan nogtans op nagenoeg 1900 skat. Die eerste bladsy dra die opskrif *Ketabottidaha,ra*, wat vertaal sou lui: hierdie boek handel oor die reiniging. Die eerste vyftien bladsye word dan ook gewy aan verskillende aspekte van die rituele ablusie, terwyl die tweede deel—onder die opskrif: *Ketaab van Salaah*—aan die salaats of voorgeskrewe gebed afgestaan word.

Die derde boek is van die hand van sjeik Ahmed Behardien. Die bewoording op die omslag lui so: „Dit is een Kitaab van Towheed / Af vraag en Aanwoordt Manier / Oer gasit en Kaapse Hollandse Taal.“ Die druk hiervan is waargeneem deur Breda Printing Works van Noorder-Paarl.

Na verwant aan hierdie „kitaab“ is 'n Afrikaanse werk in Arabiese skrif, wat prof. A. van Selms in sy *Afrikaans-Arabiese studies* bespreek het. *Kitaab van Towheed* (kennis van God) gaan oor „aldie eits wat is waajib op een mens om teweet daarvan“. Interessant is dat by al die godsbewyse die „bewijsens van verstant“ die tekse van die Koran voorafgaan.

In die laaste paar bladsye, onder die opskrif: *Omteken vir Allahotalla*, vertel die skrywer ook die een en ander oor Mohammed, Adam en Eva, Abraham, Josef en sy broers en die verhaal van *Sayidona Nooh en die Skip*. Die laaste paragraaf van die Noag-verhaal lui so:

„Nou maak ver u een skip soe lat u kan klim daar op en die mense wat

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gavolg het vir u, toe het nabis Nooh gamaak die skip, toe lat Allah woort die aarde vol met water, toe klim nabis Nooh en die skip en die genage wat gavolg het vir hom, toe gaat die skip met hulle en die braners net soos berge, toot lat Allah die water lat weggaan, en die skip het vrij gakom van die versaip, en die mense wat nie gavolg het ver nabis Nooh Allah het ver hulle almal lat versaip."

P. J. MULLER

BADEN-POWELL AND AN EARLY SWAZILAND POSTAL COVER

In an earlier number of this Bulletin an account was given of two of Lord Baden-Powell's South African scrap-books,* one dealing with his experiences in Zululand in 1888, and the other with the Swaziland Commission of 1889, of which he was Secretary; both had been presented to the Library by Lady Baden-Powell.

The Swaziland volume contains on its first page the front, or "business" portion of a cover addressed to Captain Baden-Powell, C.M.G., which Dr. J. Harvey Pirie believes to be the earliest recorded example of "internal mail" in Swaziland. In his booklet, *The stamps and postal history of Swaziland*, Dr. Harvey Pirie describes the first stage of Swaziland's postal history, when a service was in operation between Swaziland and the Zuid-Afrikaansche Republiek (1887-9). Only two specimens of this stage have been reported, and it was at first thought that Baden-Powell's cover might prove to be a third. It is, however, something rather different, as well as being in the nature of a private joke between B.-P. and Theophilus ("Offy") Shepstone, who was Adviser to the Swazi King from 1886-9.

The cover is in effect part of a blue foolscap envelope measuring nine inches by four, with the heading: "On the Swazie King's Service" and the address at the bottom left, "Embekelweni, Swazieland", both printed. Everything else is written in a hand which is unmistakably "Offy" Shepstone's—as a comparison with a letter, also preserved in this scrap-book, will confirm. The note on the left of the envelope states: "Free/Charlie Beresford/his mark". The reference to "Charlie Beresford" is explained elsewhere in the scrapbook, and nowhere more clearly than in the attractive pen-and-ink sketch which we are reproducing to illustrate the present article. It depicts Theophilus Shepstone, mounted, with his house, christened "The Haunted House, Piccadilly" in the background, against a magnificent mountainous backdrop (B.-P.'s original water-colour sketch is pasted into the scrap-book). In the foreground of the sketch are four native orderlies,

* D. H. Varley, Two scrap-books of Robert Baden-Powell (*Quarterly Bulletin of the S.A. Library*, v. 9, pp. 11-14, Sept. 1954), *illus.*

each named after a famous British contemporary: on the left, a very diminutive "Lord Charles Beresford", holding the horse's rein; next, "Sir Drury Lowe"; then "Lord Chelmsford", and lastly "Lord Wolseley", who is also the subject of a separate water-colour sketch. On another page there is a photograph of Shepstone and the three orderlies last mentioned: Charlie Beresford is absent, and his place is taken by "Col. Curtis".

The pen-and-ink sketch was reproduced in an English weekly paper (not identified) with the following note:

"Another sketch represents Mr. Theophilus Shepstone, C.M.G., the Resident Agent and Adviser to the Swazi King, attended by his staff of native boy-messengers or pages. These boys are all of high birth in the nation. They are little (lithe?), active and intelligent young fellows, and esteem it a great honour to serve Shepstone in this position; and they are devoted to him, which is only natural, since his kindness to, and fellow-feeling for the natives are very great.

The great man among the pages is he who is known as Lord Charles Beresford. He is at present too young to run about like the rest, but is a great hand at superintending the others at work. In the background is Mr. Shepstone's house, known as "Haunted House, Piccadilly"—so called from the fact that two kraals near it are respectively the "Haunted Kraal" and Piccadilly Kraal. Behind the house rise the rugged heights of the Indimba Range, in the caves of which the late King lies buried; and the King is, according to the etiquette of the nation, in hiding until the mourning for Umbandine is at an end."

In Shepstone's letter to Baden-Powell (referred to above), dated 19 December, 1889, the former apologises for not having woken up B.-P. and Advocate W. P. Schreiner (legal adviser to the Commission) on their day of departure and bidding them adieu; "by the way", he adds, "Schreiner will never be Lord Chief Justice if he does not give up that vicious habit of his of drinking Cold Tea". Of Lord Charles Beresford he adds: "He is exceedingly annoyed at my having broken your camera and says I must get another, or else his likeness will never get to the Queen"!

As a tail-piece B.-P. has stuck in his scrap-book a letter from W. P. Schreiner, written from "Chambers, Cape Town" on 14 January, 1890, and thanking him for "the addition to my library of another classic work on a great theme.* I think that no man will hereafter care to measure swords, or spears, with you by attempting to improve on your treatment of your subject; thus you will become a standard authority as long as pigs live to be stuck".

* *Pigsticking or Hog-Hunting*. Harrison, 1889.

ON THE SWAZIE KING'S SERVICE.

Captain Baden Powell. C. L. G.

A charge of The Purge Commission

Pinguicula lusitana

Embekelweni,
Swaziland



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The scrap-book contains much other interesting—and more serious—material, including a sketch of the Swaziland Commission at work, and another of two traders, King and Howe, who were tried by the Commission for stealing a native child and demanding a ransom for her: King was found guilty and fined £35. There are also press cuttings and marginal notes making up a neat and efficient dossier—a model of its kind.

D. H. VARLEY

A RUSSIAN VIEW OF THE CAPE IN 1853

(Translated by N. W. Wilson from I. A. Goncharov's "*Fregat Pallada*", with additional notes by D. H. Varley)

INTRODUCTION

Among the many literary figures in all dimensions of fame who have passed through Cape Town in the past three hundred years the Russian novelist Ivan Alexandrovich Goncharov (1812-91) has so far received the least attention—a state of affairs which by courtesy of Mr. N. W. Wilson of Worthing, Sussex, and latterly of Sierra Leone, we are now able to remedy through the medium of this *Bulletin*.

Goncharov, whose best-known work (at any rate to readers of English) is his novel *Oblomov*,¹ was born at Simbirsk on the Volga, the son of a wealthy merchant family, and was brought up among the provincial gentry. In 1834 he graduated from Moscow University and entered the Civil Service. He had already begun to write in 1832; his first published novel, *A common story* (1847) was an immediate success. In 1852 he was appointed as Secretary to Admiral Putjatin and sent in the frigate *Pallas* to Japanese waters, ostensibly to negotiate the delimitation of boundaries between Russia and Japan in the Northern Pacific and across the island of Saghalien, but in effect to forestall American efforts to open the Japanese ports to foreign vessels for purposes of trade. Commodore Perry's exploit in concluding a "most favoured nation" treaty with the Emperor in February 1854 is well-known; less known is the fact that both the Russian and French fleets nearly stole a march on him—a slice of history which, like the account of the Cape in 1853 which follows, was faithfully and amusingly recorded by Goncharov in his travel letters published in 1856 under the title: *Fregat Pallada*.² On his return to Russia (which he was obliged to undertake by land), Goncharov was appointed the first literary Censor under a new dispensation liberalizing the hitherto rigid Russian censorship, and in 1858 he published *Oblomov*, the novel on which he had been working sporadically for a number of years. His novel *The Precipice* appeared in 1869, and he continued

¹ Biographical details from W. E. Harkins' *Dictionary of Russian literature*, Allen & Unwin, 1957, pp. 142-45, and from Ernest Rhys' Introduction to the Everyman edition of *Oblomov* (English translation by Natalie Duddington, Dent, 1946).

² *Fregat Pallada* has been published in a German translation by Horst Wolf (*Fregatte Pallas*, Berlin, Verlag der Nation, 1953), but not so far in English. Mr. Wilson's translation now appearing in this *Bulletin*, is believed to be the first of its kind. For further particulars of the Japanese episode, see the *Narrative of the expedition of an American squadron to Japan under the command of Commodore M. C. Perry . . .*, ed. by S. Wallach, London, Macdonald, 1954, pp. 116 f., and G. A. Lensen's *Russia's Japan expedition of 1852-55*, Univ. of Florida Press, 1955.

to write until his death in 1891, but without the success that greeted the creation of the greatest procrastinator in modern literature, the character Oblomov, and of the term Oblomovism, for which the motto might well be (in South African terms): *Môre is nog 'n dag*.

One writer has said of Goncharov that he was "a mild conservative and a confirmed bachelor who led an orderly, monotonous existence . . . This stout, well-fed gentlemen with heavy whiskers and slow dignified manners, the image of the perfect bureaucrat, sought happiness and compensation in depicting imaginary heroes who were his best and worst selves".³ In 1853, when he visited the Cape and recorded his impressions with considerable liveliness he had not yet settled down into the state of Oblomovism for which he became famous, and it is clear from Mr. Wilson's translation that Goncharov had not only a sharp eye for detail but also the shrewd insight of a born writer, rather than of a mere traveller.

The extract printed in this number of the *Bulletin* represents about one-third of the Cape portion of *Fregat Pallada*, and the rest will follow in subsequent issues.

D. H. VARLEY.

I

At the Cape of Good Hope¹

10th March to 12th April, 1853

Although our floating world is quite big and we have plenty of ways to make the time pass without dragging, just sailing on and on grows tiresome. We haven't seen land for more than forty days. Even the old hands and the most patient among us wince at the sight of the sea and wonder whether there may not soon be a change. We avoid one another's eyes and have lost interest in our jobs and our reading. Everybody knows what there will be for dinner and at what time so-and-so will lie down to sleep. You notice inadvertently that someone's shoes have burst open and that someone else's trousers are spotted with tar.

³ Harkins, op. cit., p. 145.

⁴ According to Goncharov (*Fregatte Pallas*, 1953 translation, p. 88) the *Pallas* left Portsmouth on 8 January, 1853 and dropped anchor off Simon's Town on 10 March. Allowing for a 12-day adjustment in the Russian mode of dating, this corresponds nearly enough with the following entry in the *Zuid-Afrikaan* for 24 March, 1853: "Arrived in Simon's Bay, March 22: H.R.M. Frigate *Palace*, 48 guns, Captain J. Unkovsky, from Portsmouth Jan. 18, to Kamtschatka". The *Pallas* was accompanied by H.R.M.S. *St. Vostock* (Lt. Korsakoff) and was joined on 20 April by H.R.M.S. *Dwina*, 10 guns ('Capt. Bassarabey'). The schooner *St. Vostock* sailed from Simon's Bay on 23 April, and the frigate *Pallas* on the 24th, while the *Dwina* left on the 30th. (Shipping notices in the *Z.A.* and the *S.A. Commercial Advertiser*.) The visit of the Russian fleet was not commented on by any of the Cape papers during March or April, 1853.

I wrote to you that we were becalmed in the southern tropics. But after the calm the wind freshened—and how it blew! Again the weather took charge; one couldn't walk, sit or lie down properly. That was on the Thursday at the beginning of March. I shan't repeat what I have already written about the ship's motion. It brought on such a fit of the spleen that it seemed to have inspired me with a lasting loathing for the sea. Although the rolling continued for five days I wasn't even glad to see the land, which we sighted on Monday. The sea to shoreward suddenly changed; from blue it turned a brownish-green like vegetable soup. Marine plants, sea-kale, grass-wrack, animalcules and so on were the cause. One night the phosphorescence of the sea was extraordinarily bright. What a sight! When you sponge yourself down of an evening in the darkness with water straight from the ocean sparks rain down your body and run and slip over it to fall on the deck at your feet. Apparently the sparks are the animalcules called medusae. Already the sea smells of the land and bears traces of it; breaking boisterously on the shore it surrenders fish and shells and carries off instead sand, soil and so on. But what vast numbers of creatures unseen by man and unknown to him swarm in the littoral marine jungle! Albatrosses, gulls and terns search its waters diligently, skimming low. These birds alone visibly enliven the seascape; we sometimes saw them 500 miles from the nearest land. Among the gulls were many fulmars, stupid-heads as we call them—large birds with slender well-shaped skewbald wings, blunt heads and strong beaks. Their features are indeed silly. They fly stiffly in an ungainly fashion right above the ship and often cling to the sails with their wings.

On 7th or 8th March in bright warm weather when the ship's motion had abated we saw masses of some kind of red stuff floating in great patches on the sea. We caught a couple of pailfuls—it was spawn. The spawn may have had something to do with a shoal of fish that had passed like a cloud just in front of the frigate's bows. I wanted to continue with my bathing, but we were no longer in the tropics. The water was cold, especially after a fresh breeze. Fadeev⁵ almost split his sides with laughter when I shouted out as he was emptying a pail over me.

On 9th March we expected to enter False Bay but in the night over-shot the mark and found ourselves 15 miles to the east, off Cape Hangklip. Gigantic cliffs, almost black from wind, guard the southern shore of Africa like the battlements of a vast fortress. There those titans the sea, the winds and the mountains struggle eternally; the surf and gales are everlasting. Especially fine are the cliffs of Hangklip. Its summit dips sharply onwards

⁵ Fadeev was the loyal if somewhat stupid servant assigned to Goncharov on joining his ship at Cronstadt: a "white-faced, thin-lipped" Finn with "blond hair and bright blue eyes" (*Fregatte Pallas*, 1953, p. 24).

the middle but its base juts out into the sea. The mountaintops are of sandstone, their roots of granite. Finally on 10th March at 6 o'clock in the evening while going down the companion way I glanced up and was dumbfounded; a mountain was climbing aboard. "Are we aground?" I asked the sailor we nicknamed Grandfather. "For God's sake! Plague take your tongue! We are at anchor!" and indeed the orders had already been given: "Turn out of the bay!" And then "Let go the anchor!" The thunder of the chain running out had been heard briefly and then the frigate had shuddered and brought up. We were a mile from the land, which was mountainous and rose to such heights that distance appeared to shrink and the houses and churches of Simonstown to be stunted. Later on, however, when I had seen Table Mountain the Simonstown mountains seemed hillocks. As usual various people, among them tailors and laundrymen, put off to us with letters of reference from Danish, Hollands and other ships.

Simonsbay is a small sheltered corner of the great False Bay. You have to know the way in, otherwise you run on to the rocks called, for some reason, Roman,⁶ or on to Noah's Ark, a big flat rock sticking out of the water at the entry into the bay a few score yards from the shore which is also peppered, more or less, with large rocks. From April onwards ships anchor here; those which ride at anchor in Table Bay also sail here to shelter from strong southwest winds. Simonsbay is protected on all sides by the mountains.



As soon as we had anchored one of the mountains on the right side of the town wrapped itself in a cloud which fitted its peak as closely as a wig. Along another very high crag a cloud also crawled, descending the precipice just like smoke from a giant chimney. Right at the foot of the mountains are up to forty houses of English construction and among them two churches are to be seen; one Protestant and one Catholic. At Admiralty House an English soldier stands on guard and in the Bay swings an English

⁶ There are three well-known rocks in Simon's Bay: the Wittle, or Trident Rock (so called from the *Trident* striking it), and two rocks which are always above water, the Roman Rock and Noah's Ark. Between these two is the traditional passage in and out when the wind is fair. Roman Rock (on which a lighthouse was first erected in 1857) is generally believed to take its name from the striking-looking Red Roman fish (*Chrysoblephus laticeps*) which abound in these waters.

squadron. In one of the best houses lives the officer commanding the squadron, Commodore Talbot.⁷

The scanty verdure barely mitigates the gloominess of the landscape. Gardens of cedars and oaks with a few poplars and vine trellises, and here and there cypresses and myrtles and fences of prickly pear and giant aloes of which the roots have turned into wood—that's all. It's naked, lonely, sombre. In the town, though, are some rather good shops; one of them, occupying a small separate building, may even be described as luxurious.

My fellow-travellers streamed ashore and some went into Cape Town but I looked at the hills, paced the deck, was on the point of reading and did not read, was just about to write and did not write. Three or four days passed; I continued inert. However, our fellows when they came aboard said that an old man had approached them at the landing-place and had said to them in Russian: "I wish you good health, Your Honours". "Who are you and where do you come from?" asked our officer. "I am a Russian", he answered. "In 1814 I was captured by the French, then at Waterloo I fought against the English, and was captured by them and brought here. I married a black woman and have six children by her." "Where were you born?" "In the Orlov District." But it was difficult to get any other information out of him so bad had his Russian become.⁸ The crew stripped our frigate, lowered the spars and took down the shrouds—work was in full swing. Jolly-boats continually shuttled between ship and shore. Pyotr Alexandrovich Tikhmenev⁹ who had succeeded in dressing himself up in a yellowish overcoat and a straw hat with a blue ribbon, daily went ashore with an empty jolly boat and returned with meat, vegetables and fruit. The straw hat flowered conspicuously among legs of beef and water-melons.

"Where are we?" I once asked Fadeev out of boredom. He eyed me askance, suspiciously, guessing that there was something behind the question. "I cannot tell," he said examining the walls of the cabin apathetically. "But it's stupid not to know where we are." He was silent. "Go on, say something." "How should I know?" "Well, why don't you ask them?" "But what should I ask about?" "You will return home and they will ask you where you have been and what will you say? Listen and I will tell you,

⁷ Admiral Sir Charles Talbot (1801-1876), whose mother was a daughter of the 5th Duke of Beaufort, entered the Royal Navy at the age of fourteen, and rose to be appointed commander of the Cape Station in 1852, in which year he was knighted, and also made A.D.C. to the Queen. After leaving the Cape in 1854 he took part in the blockade of Sebastopol and the capture of Kertch, and was promoted Admiral in 1866 (*Navy lists; Annual register*, 1876, Obituaries, p. 152).

⁸ A few Russian names persist in Simonstown to this day.

⁹ Pyotr Alexandrovich Tikhmenev was the "dear, good, obliging little Pursar" in the *Pallas* (*Fregatte Pallas*, 1953, p. 23).

but mind you remember! Where did we come here from?" He gazed at me with the intention of divining my wishes in order to do his utmost to appease me, but I wanted to make him think. "Where did we come from?" I repeated. "Come on!" "From England." "But, where is England?" He began to look at me more askance than ever. I saw that my question was too deep for him. "Where are France and Italy?" "I can't tell." "Well, then, where's Russia?" "In Cronstadt", he said promptly. "In Europe", I corrected him. "But now we are in Africa at the southern end, at the Cape of Good Hope." "Ay, ay, Sir." "Don't forget."

My geography lesson to Fadeev was a distraction from the mountains and sands and solitude. The crew were hard at work on the frigate; tackle and spars lay everywhere blocking passage. It was only possible to walk about on the bridge, where from time to time the band played. We studied the shore through binoculars and fished. Among our catches was a fattish kind of fish with a round head, soft and without scales; its belly was yellow but its back was all spotted.¹⁰ It went into the tub. Some Englishman came on board and hurriedly warned us not to eat it. "It's poisonous", he said. "You die from it in from five to ten minutes. There have been cases; once several men from a Hollander boat poisoned themselves. Pigs sometimes eat the fish where it is thrown away on the shore; they chase their tails and then they die." We caught many fine tasty fish like bream, also others that were red or flat; the diversity of fishy breeds is inexhaustible. They also gave us at table excellent grapes, very mediocre water-melons and fine large cucumbers.

On the fourth day I got ready to go ashore with our doctors and Baron Kridner. The doctors meant to botanise and Baron Kridner and I to get in their way. On the shore rocks each large enough to build a fine cottage, were scattered everywhere. When I was getting ready to go Fadeev appeared. "May I go with you, Your Honour?" he said. "Where?" "To Africa", he answered, remembering my lesson. "But, what will you do there?" "I should like to climb that mountain."

* * *

Landing we found ourselves in a crowd of Malays, negroes and Afrikaners, as the whites born in Africa call themselves. Some were working in the naval headquarters, others idly watched the sea, the shipping, the shoregoers or, quite simply, whatever happened to be going on. Behind us followed our servants; one with a gun, a second with a butterfly net and a third with a hammer for cracking stones. "Look," we said, "already nothing

¹⁰ Probably the well-known Blaasop or Toby (*Sphaeroides cutaneus*).

is left of our country, from man himself downwards; all is different, man, his dress and his customs." Hedges are of aloes and cactus—but for God's sake don't catch hold of those plants as if they were our nettles! A million needles barely perceptible to the eye would pierce your hand. A thief or a lover would not climb over such a fence, much less an honest man. Even the rocks are not the same, the sand is reddish and the grasses are strange. One kind is bushy, another is finger-thick, a third is as brown as moss and a fourth is smoke-coloured. We walked along the fine clean sand of a beach behind the town and little shells crunched beneath our feet. "It's all different from at home", we kept on repeating, picking up first a shell and then a stone. A sparrow flashes past, but though smarter than one of ours and a dandy, it's still a sparrow, however dandified. The same flight, the same behaviour, the same rummaging in all sorts of filth scattered in the roadway as with our birds. Then there are swallows and ravens, but not the same; the swallows are greyer and the ravens blacker. A dog barks, but there's something odd about the sound as if he were barking in a foreign language. Swarthy, curly-headed urchins ran about the streets and black or brown women thronged in them together with Malays in high straw hats like bells, but with flaired brims. Only the pig is just as dirty as with us and in the same way scratches his sides violently against house corners as if he wants to push the building over. And then there's the cat sitting on the fence assiduously licking his paw before anointing his head. We passed houses and gardens along the sandy road and beyond the fortress came out behind and to the right of the town.

We had been warned not to walk near bushes at midday, for about that time snakes crawl out to warm themselves in the sun. But we didn't pay any attention, thrust our sticks into the bushes, and boldly stood in the way. Apparently snakes are more wary of people, than people are of them. I only saw a lizard and though I tried to pin the green creature to the ground with my cane, he slipped with inconceivable agility into his hole. Three black women were following our path. I asked one of the women to which tribe she belonged. "Fingo", she said and then shouted out "Mozambique" and "Hottentot". All three began to roar with laughter. It wasn't the only time I heard that kind of laughter from black women. Just pass them and nothing happens, but ask a black beauty something, for example her name, or about the path, and she talks nonsense and after her answer her laughter and that of her friends—if there are any—ring out. "Bechuan, Kaffir", the peasant woman continued to shout. And peasant woman she really was. She was dressed like our peasants with a cloth on her head, a kind of skirt round her waist in place of a sarafan, and a blouse. Sometimes a scarf is worn round the neck, sometimes not. Some of the coloured women are

amazingly like our sunburned old village women, but the blacks are unlike any other people. They all have thick lips, eyes black as soot with yellow whites and a row of the whitest teeth.

We found a whole museum among the rocks where the surf was breaking furiously; shells, molluscs, sea-urchins and crabs. The sea-anemones are so rooted in the rock that they can't be prised off. They are elastic and if you press them jets of water spurt out. The sea-urchin is half vegetable and half animal; it grows and seemingly breathes. It's a lump of grassy substance which has as grassy root a greenish calyx. Spines cover it all over and it is brightly coloured. Our amateur naturalist collected a lot of them, as also flowers, twigs, leaves and shells. The shells are plain and not up to much, but at the hotel I saw some magnificent specimens, large and of various colours. "Are these local?" I asked. "No", was the reply, "they are from Mauritius." I have noticed that wherever you go you find some remarkable speciality, but when you ask where it comes from they always point to somewhere in the furthest distance either in front of you or behind. In Capetown I saw in a tobacconist's shop matchboxes carved out of a beautiful two-coloured wood. I at once bought some as mementoes of the Cape of Good Hope. I asked what the wood was called. "Box", said the Englishman. "But where does it come from?" "From England", he answered. And in Mauritius no doubt they say that the shells come from Paris. However, here they have the provincial custom, common the world over, of representing their wares as from the capital. Whatever you ask for, whether hat or shoes, they tell you "It's from London."

I remembered our district towns and the notices on pale blue boards "Tailor from Nizhni". The tobacconist thought that God alone knew how much I should be reassured if he gave out that his goods were English.

* * *

Returning from our stroll we called in at the Fountains Hotel,¹¹ a house in the Hollands style with a stoep and cleanly furnished rooms in which the floors were polished. The ceilings were of dark wood brought from Port Natal on the East Coast. Wood is expensive in the Colony and so it is only used for furniture and other essential articles. On the other hand stone is

¹¹ A note in the *Cape Argus*, 11 November 1858 (p. 2), states that "there is now a well-managed hotel [in Simon's Town] where you can have a feast good enough for a king provided for you, at a reasonable rate within a reasonable time. Simon's Town, since Mr. Kent left the "Victoria" and Mr. Ricketts retired from the "Fountain" has suffered greatly from the want of hotel accommodation . . . The "Fountain" is again opened and the new landlord (Mr. Vincent) has already earned the reputation of being a tolerably good successor of Ricketts; and all who knew the "Fountain" in its palmy days, will admit that that is pretty fair".

common as dirt and all houses are built of it. But we did see a few wretched fishermen's huts on the road from Simonstown to Capetown built of the bones of whales and other animals cast up on the shore. We sat down in the window behind the blinds because although it was already (at home we should have said "still only") 15th March the day was warm and the sun was as hot as at home in July or here in December.

On the mantelpiece and in corners were disposed minerals, shells, and stuffed birds, beasts and snakes—probably all from Mauritius. On the mantelpiece lay many dried flowers; immortelles so they said. They remain unchanged indefinitely. After ten years they are just the same—dry and brightly coloured and without scent—as they were before they were plucked. We asked for ginger beer and Constantia wine, the product of the famous Constantia Mountain. The boy poured out all the beer for Baron Kridner, but the Constantia wine was wretchedly sweet. It's a bit like Malaga only sweeter. On the walls were bad pictures, the inevitable appurtenances of posting stations and inns all over the globe as I am now persuaded. Without them it would be boring at a posting station; they are a great distraction for the traveller. Recollect how often you have had occasion to smile at the ingenuous portrayal of people and events when examining our posting stations while waiting for the horses to be harnessed. Well, it's just the same here. Here for example in one picture is a representation of a fight between soldiers and smugglers. The heroes are hacking and stabbing at each other but their faces express an imperturbability that would be impossible in the circumstances even among the English who are depicted. It is in the incongruity that the comic element resides. Other pictures are of a steeple-chase; horses are turning head over heels and people are up to their necks in water.

According to these pictures, I concluded, without having seen the hotel-keeper, that the hotel was English. The Hollanders don't paint horse-races—instead you see everywhere tiger-hunts and fox-hunts and the portraits of kings and queens. And in them you are captivated by incongruities after your own heart: a panther has gripped the leg of a hunter with his teeth but the hunter, lying in the reeds, looks aside and laughs. Generally hotels can be distinguished as English or Hollands at the first glance. Among the English, comfort or the pretension to it is paramount; among the Hollanders patriarchy, manifesting itself in ancient but well-preserved furniture blackened with time and especially in paunchy wooden bureaux and cupboards with ancestral china and silver. From the condition of the hotels alone it is possible to conclude that the Hollanders are on the down-grade and the English on the up-grade. With the Hollanders everything looks dull and forlorn, with the English gay, new and fresh. We passed an hour, smoking

cigars and gazing out of the window at the ships, our own among them, and the distant mountains. We consoled ourselves with the thought that we were in Africa. "But, look! this is the southernmost inn between here and the South Pole", my companions said to me. "Put that down in your book!"

I didn't quite know where that remark would fit in and promised to give it a special place.

I never expected that Fadeev was capable of any kind of sentiment, but returning to the frigate I found in my cabin a magnificent flower; a mountain tulip as big as a tea cup on a long stalk with pink leaves and dark brown moss inside.¹² "Where did you get it?" I asked. "In Africa on a mountain", he answered.

Seven of us got ready for a journey to Capetown with the intention of continuing a bit further on into the Colony. So one morning, taking with us each a suit-case of linen and clothes, we set off in two carriages, or wagons, covered at the side with skins.

* * *

From Simonsbay to Capetown is 24 miles. For the first 12 miles the high road follows the coast, now at the foot of the cliffs, now passing through sandy patches or along the crests of precipices. It's a melancholy road for although the sea is never out of sight the crags throng above your head; they are dotted with bushes but bare and gloomy. Nevertheless, on the tops of the ridges the sandstone is sharply distinguished by its dark grey colour from the grass-covered granite. High up in the gorges we could see cows pasturing. From below they looked like insects. At one spot on the right is a lake of brackish water. Here and there are solitary fishermen's huts; there are two or three cottages under the mountain and a small hotel—that's all. Signs of life are few; only the gulls skim smoothly along the shore and the sea murmurs ceaselessly and swashes. Halfway is another hotel which is appropriately called the Halfway House.¹³ Our coachman stopped there, unharnessed the horses and proposed that we should take some refreshment. In the courtyard grew a huge cedar tree. The principal

¹² Fadeev's flower sounds like one of the many kinds of *protea* that grow on the Simonstown mountains.

¹³ Rathfelder's "Halfway House", on the site of the present Eaton Convalescent Home near Steurhof Station, was formerly known as Merckell's "Traveller's Joy" (C.A. 1846), and was a favourite haunt of Indian visitors for many years, besides being the headquarters of the Cape Hunt. George Rathfelder (1773-1853), born at Stuttgart, came to the Cape as a young man, married the widow of a fellow-countryman, and acquired a reputation as "een regtschapen, edelmoedig man en een vriend der armen". (*Zuid-Afrikaan*, 5.4.1853.) For a good description of "Halfway House" in 1861, see Lady Duff Gordon's *Letters from the Cape* (O.U.P., 1927), pp. 43-5. The poor table described by Goncharov does not seem to have improved in the interval of eight years.

wing was being built but the hotel meanwhile was housed in another smaller wing. We ordered breakfast and went out into the garden. At the entry there was a request in large letters that nothing in the garden should be touched without the gardener's permission. But there wasn't anything to touch except unripe figs and the mealies that a negro was gathering. All else had been picked long ago. Although the weather was warm it was by no means summery in the garden. Leaves fluttered down from the trees and covered the paths. The garden was sizable and included a kitchen garden. Besides fig trees, bananas, grapes and cucumbers had been planted there and many flowers. Breakfast consisted of omelette, cold tough beef and hot tough ham. The omelette, the ham and the pictures again reminded me of our posting stations. Besides there was a big collection of birds and stuffed beasts; especially a charming small deer's head about the size of a kid's. I admired its femininity. In the corners were mounted splendidly, the horns of some wild buffalo, huge and spreading and well-polished; they reminded me, of course, of heads not at all feminine.

The remaining half of the road, beginning from the hotel, changed entirely. The cliffs retreated to three miles from the coast and the way, gay and animated, wound between rows of villas each more handsome than the next. You travel through avenues of cedars, oaks and poplars; in places the trees form an impenetrable arch. Here and there tributary avenues lead off first to villas and farms and then to Wynberg, which is visible from the road. On the left Constantia Mountain, renowned for its appearance, can be seen. By its side a ridge runs right up to Table Mountain. Along the road we were met or overtaken by wagons, cabriolets, carriages and horsemen. From the avenues you enter Capetown imperceptibly. At the entry they collect 8d. for each conveyance using the highway and the same amount for each conveyance leaving for Simonsbay¹⁴. On the road is a beautiful stone chapel in semi-Gothic style. Farther on under the mountain on the coast a few cottages have been built from which summer visitors may bathe in the sea. A fisherman's suburb is surrounded by woods.

Long before our arrival in Capetown our eyes spotted three strange mountain-masses unlike any of those we had seen. One was very long with fairly steep slopes, a saddle in the middle and rises at either end; another was high, flat-topped and just as wide at the top as at the bottom. There is no summit, it's as if truncated and the mountain culminates in an area identical in size with that of its base. Against it leans a third mountain all

¹⁴ An Ordinance of 1812 made provision for tolls on the Peninsula roads. Later, Act no. 9 of 1858 laid down provisions for the maintenance of public roads under a Commissioner. Tolls on the Simonstown Road were at Muizenberg and at Upper and Lower Roads in what is now Woodstock (formerly the fishing village of Papendorp).

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scored with gullies and more overgrown with green than the others. "What's that?" I asked the Malay coachman pointing to one of the mountains. "Table Mountain," he said. "And that?" "Lion's Head." "And that?" "Devil's Peak."

Table Mountain is so called because it resembles a table, but it is also like a box and a piano and a wall, indeed, anything you fancy rather than a mountain. The flanks look smooth although a telescope reveals great ledges, unevennesses and hollows which vanish in the vastness of the block. These three mountains and especially Table Mountain have thoroughly earned their reputation.

Whether sunshine bathes them or a thick mist lies on them or clouds girdle them—in all these dresses they are beautiful and unmatched and make a mighty endlessly absorbing spectacle for the traveller. The three strange forms, like three monsters, surround the town. Table Mountain, gloomy and grey like all mountains guarding the southern shores of Africa, consists of sandstone blackened by sun and air. Here and there a blade of grass is green and shrub-like plants perch in the rain-washed gullies. Along the foot of the mountain are scattered woods and gardens with cottages and vineyards. At first sight it appears impossible to penetrate the wall. However, paths have been made and the curious, with guides, use them constantly. Some of our people went too. They started off with shoes and came back barefoot. The top of the mountain they said is flat, and overgrown everywhere with bush. Lion's Head is said to be like a lion lying down: the oblong hill indeed does recall the backbone of some kind of animal, but the conical peak by which the hill joins with Table Mountain is quite unlike a lion's head. However, the very crown of the peak does form the quite regular figure of a sleeping lion. My companions noticed that too. It couldn't have been carved out better on purpose; one wanted to take it down and put it on the table as a paper weight.

* * *

Admiring the mountains we did not notice that we had arrived at the broad porch of a two-storey house—the Welch Hotel.¹⁵ At the entrance on the lower step a really black servant met us; next came a Malay with a red cloth on his head, and neither black nor white. In the hall was an English servant-maid, a bit whiter. Farther on, on the stairs, was a pretty girl of twenty, definitely white, and beyond her an old woman, the hotel proprietress, than whom nobody could have been whiter—for she was grey-haired. We went into the hall which was clean, round, circular, lighted from above and

¹⁵ The Welch Hotel was a two-storied boarding house at 10 Keizersgracht kept by Widow Welch and her daughter Caroline (*Cape Almanac*, 1853).

with a handsome wooden flight of stairs; the room communicated directly with a small courtyard and a stoep. Around the courtyard were espalier vines and bunches of grapes hung everywhere, ripe, large and amber-coloured. The doors, on the right into the drawing-room and on the left into the dining-room, were ajar and the drawn venetian blinds and windows in the rooms were half-open. Everywhere was a twilit coolness. In the hall we met our own people who had arrived the day before. They had been out for a walk. We joined them after giving our things to the servants. A servant asked the Baron and me whether we should be dining. The exceedingly tough corned beef and the too tender omelette of the Halfway House were still with me in memory or in my stomach and so I answered, "I don't know." "We shall, we shall!" said the Baron hastily, deciding for both of us. On the stairs the servant-maid approached us and asked whether we should be dining. I was on the point of saying, "I don't know", but the Baron did not let me finish my sentence. While we were leaving our things in our rooms our companions had crowded into the bar. I elbowed my way in to see what they were up to and this is what I saw. From the dark bar a big window opened into the well-lit hall. A beautiful picture had been put into the window as if into a frame; it was Mrs. Welch's pretty relative "Ceruleane", that is Caroline, the very same whom we had met on the stairs. She was just the right height, with a beautiful figure and beautiful eyes but very ugly hands—a beautiful girl. Through her tender white skin glimmered the thin blue lines of her veins; her eyes were dark blue and radiant, her mouth small and graceful with the same perpetual smile for one and all. I afterwards saw her cut her finger and cry. She knit her brow and her eyes, expressed suffering but her mouth smiled; such is the force of habit! How gracefully she presented each guest with his bill beautifully written—even though with ugly hands. How nicely she said "Thank you!" when in return for the bills they gave her a pile of sovereigns. But what a delight when, on her way upstairs with noiseless feet, sylph-like she suddenly stops in the middle, leans against the banisters, turns round and throws a killing glance at you! She simply drew everyone to the window, where there was always a crowd. Against the dark background of the room she posed now at her full height, now seated. In the rear as a supplement or as an adjunct of the room Mrs. Welch, a rather stout old woman, sat on a sofa. Letting Caroline smile at the guests and get into conversation with them, she remained constantly in the background, silently accepted the sovereigns handed to her by Caroline and dropped them into her pocket with a sigh. When they saw us first on arriving, both proprietresses with one voice asked us whether we should be dining. That question obsessed the whole household.

It was an amazingly fine day; the southern sun, although autumnal, did not spare colour or radiance. The streets stretched out idly and the houses stood brooding in the noonday; they appeared as if gilded by the hot brilliance. We passed a big square called "Hottentot's",¹⁶ planted with large firs bent away from Table Mountain by the celebrated winds which blow from it and fall upon town and bay.

In the Square troops are ordinarily drilling, but not now, for they have been at war with the Kaffirs again.¹⁷ At the end of the square is the Commercial Exchange, a building with nothing remarkable about it, in the Hollands style.¹⁸ In it is a great hall hung with thousands of printed notifications of sales or purchases, also many tables with newspapers. In a room alongside is the library. We saw lots of streets and squares and looked at the Anglican and Catholic Churches but we avoided the Mosque, which was in a house exactly like all the others. However, no matter where you turn your eyes, your gaze settles now on the verdure of the couchant lion now on Table Mountain and now on Devil's Peak. The town is as if oppressed by them, but to the southwest limitless space spreads out; there sky and sea merge.

* * *

At the end of one street we noticed a dark avenue and turned into it. It was a long path for pedestrians quite covered in by the tops of firtrees but gravelled with sharpish little stones and spoilt by them.¹⁹ Continuing for a few yards we arrived at the entry to the Botanic Garden into which admittance was by subscription but which, nevertheless, was open to pedestrians at all times free. How delightful the garden was! It was not big—hardly half the size of the Petersburg summer garden; nevertheless, all the trees and flowers growing at the Cape and in the Colony were gathered

¹⁶ There is some confusion here between Hottentot Square (now Riebeeck Square) and the Grand Parade: the latter was planted with firs (pines), but not the former.

¹⁷ On 14 February 1853 peace with Kreli had been proclaimed, and on 14 March General Cathcart issued a General Order congratulating the army on its meritorious services during the past two years.

¹⁸ The foundation stone of the Commercial Exchange was laid in 1819, and the building was opened officially in 1822 (R. F. M. Immelman, *Men of Good Hope*, Cape Town, Chamber of Commerce, 1955, p. 33 f.). It was described in 1857 as "a large building of a nondescript style of architecture standing in about the centre of Adderley Street and on the Grand Parade, a large open space surrounded by firs", and was the property of a joint-stock company of merchants (op. cit., p. 39). The S.A. Public Library occupied the North Wing from 1828-1860. The building was demolished in 1892 to make way for a new General Post Office (now the O.K. Bazaars).

¹⁹ Proposals (and counter-proposals) to tar-macadam the Avenue have been legion. In 1960 the City Council laid an experimental base of cement-stabilised gravel, which seems to have proved a satisfactory compromise. Goncharov has surely mistaken firs for oaks?

together in it. Everything is planted out in order by families. We went right round the garden, not omitting one plant. At the beginning come the trees, bitter oranges, figs and others, then the bushes. There were myrtles of all possible kinds and cypresses with millions of tiny flowers, vivid and brilliant. I thought of our sumptuous country-houses and flower-beds where all that we had seen would be under glass or in tubs and be hidden away in the winter. Here the year round everything is green and flowering. An extraordinarily handsome tree which we had not seen before was planted in places; the English call it the broomtree.²⁰ The tree is so-called because it has no leaves but instead extremely long green twigs which hang like curls almost to the ground. It recalls the weeping willow a little, though much handsomer. What a rich collection of dahlias! And here is the aloe family; it has particularly elegant green leaves with broad yellow borders. The cactus family is richer than all the others, it occupies a whole lawn. What diversity and what monstrosities and beauties together! I passed many shrubs with bowed head as if they were the letters of a language unknown to me. In the middle of the principal avenue, forming a circle, huge pear trees, just like oaks, are growing with big pears almost the size of a man's head, but hard and only fit for stewing.

From one spot in the garden the whole of Table Mountain reveals itself to the eyes. Its enormous bulk, now that we were at its feet, again astonished me. The sun drenched it with his rays. Above, a cloud clung to it in one place and lay there without moving, like a heap of snow. The verdant flanks of the Lion appeared still greener. At its summit the semaphore wagged, talking to ships.²¹ I examined the gullies of Table Mountain; they are washed by streams, and form the so-called legs of the table. At this distance what appeared from farther away as moss or blades of grass revealed itself as whole forests of shrubs and trees. The mountain taken altogether as a complete whole appears as a kind of gloomy, lifeless, mute mass; nevertheless, plenty of life is there. At its foot farms and gardens are laid out; in the forests baboons (big black monkeys) build their lairs, snakes swarm and jackals and wild goats run about. The mountain is not high, only 3,500 feet above the sea, but it is broad and unwieldy. Generally speaking, the three mountains are like the dumps from some vast project—from some unfinished non-human task.

Having gone along all the paths and looked at each little shrub and

²⁰ Spanish Broom (*Sparpium junceum*): not a true Broom at all. It still flourishes in the Gardens and throughout the Peninsula, and is still commonly mistaken for Broom.

²¹ At the flagstaff on Lion's Rump two sets of signals were in use; Capt. Marryat's code, intended for ships at sea, and semaphore signals used in telegraphical communication between the Port Office and the Signal Station on the Rump.

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flower, we went out again into the avenue and thence into a street leading into the veld. We took a path and lost ourselves among woods and unfenced gardens. The path was noticeably uphill. At last we scrambled through a thicket in a garden and came to a kind of villa. We walked on to the terrace and being tired sat down on stone benches. A half-caste woman came out of the house and explained that her master was not at home but, at our request, brought us water.

* * *

From where we were the whole town lay spread before us, a town purely English with a few exceptions: tall two-storeyed houses with shops on the ground floor, streets intersecting at right angles.²² In a circle around were visible suburban houses and farms half hidden in greenery. Verdure, that is trees—not counting small shrubs, was only to be seen near farms, for now everywhere is bare—stripped and dried by the sun, murdered by the violent winds from the sea and the mountains. The gaze sweeps round the distant expanse but meets nothing but snow-white sand, vari-coloured grass of different kinds, monotonous shrubs and the inevitable mountains, groups of which stand about in disorder over a vast area like people—in a circle, side by side, face to face or back to back.

On the road the Malay attached to us as guide brought us grapes. We returned all the way through gardens. Passing from gully to gully through huge oaks, we climbed a hill and after descending it found ourselves in the town. As soon as we entered the street, somebody said: "Look at Table Mountain". Everybody glanced up and stopped in amazement. Half of the mountain had vanished.

The cloud I mentioned had grown while we were passing through the gardens and in a thick layer just like snow had covered the whole top of the mountain densely and impenetrably and had descended the sides to an even level. That was the table-cloth being laid on the table. We walked downhill through the streets, looking about us all the time. The table-cloth continued to descend with unbelievable speed so that we hadn't reached the middle of the town before half the mountain was covered. I expected that there might be a storm, some of those impetuous winds that terrorise ships in the roadstead, but the Capetowners said that there would not. Table Mountain can muffle itself up completely in a shroud and they aren't afraid; the trouble is when the Lion puts his cap on. I later had occasion to confirm that by my own observation.

I stared intently at the features of the town; the same England, the same

²² Compare Thomas Bowler's well-known *Panorama of Cape Town and surrounding scenery taken from the Old Kloof Road* (1854).

rather narrow tall English houses, roofed with slates and tiles, having two storeys and exceptionally three. On the ground floor there are shops. Only one concession is made to the climate, but that's a big one; a verandah or balcony (stoep) runs the full width of the house. There the inhabitants relax in the evening and refresh themselves with the coolness. A few of the houses are in the Hollands style with identical unbeautiful fronts, small windows, thin transoms in the window frames and very small panes of glass. But the remains of Holland's dominion are scarce. I hardly saw any Hollanders in Capetown; however, the Hollands language was much in vogue. Old men and servants of both sexes speak it particularly. At every place luxurious shops for cloth, linen, fabrics, stare one in the face and there are many tailors and jewellers; in a word it's a small corner of England.

Here as in Petersburg and London the houses are so closely packed that you can't make out whether they are detached or semi-detached. But the town is very clean and looks so gay, cheerful, lively and commercial. I especially admired the motley population. The Englishman, whoever he may be, is a gentleman here; he is always dressed with refinement, is cold and gives his orders to a black disdainfully. He sits in his spacious office or in a shop or in the Commercial Exchange: he bestirs himself at the quay or is an architect, engineer, planter or official; he arranges, directs, does his work—then he drives in his carriage or rides on horseback and enjoys the coolness on the stoep of his villa which hides itself in the shade of a vineyard.

And the black? Here's a well-built, handsome negro who is a Fingo or Mozambique. He carries a bale on his shoulders; he is a coolie—a hired servant, porter, errand-boy; here's another of the Zulu tribe or more often a Hottentot, who from the box skilfully directs a pair of horses harnessed to a cabriolet. A third, a Bechuan, leads a riding horse, a fourth sweeps the street raising a cloud of yellowish-red dust. Here's a Malay, his head covered with a cloth according to the Mahometan custom, driving a covered wagon harnessed to six, eight, twelve or more oxen. Here's an old black woman with a kerchief on her head, wrinkled and ugly, another more ugly still is haggling over some kind of trash, a third, ugliest of all, is begging. A crowd of boys and girls ranging from jet black to pure white is running about, laughing, crying and scuffling. The hair of the blacks is like a heap of soot. Half-castes of both sexes are wearing European dress; farther on are drunken English sailors waving their hands, bawling at the tops of their voices, some with hats and some hatless, who are driving in carriages or jostling on the quay. And through all this vari-coloured throng pass those exquisite creations the Englishwomen.

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We arrived at the market square²³; around it the houses were more closely packed and more goods were hung in the windows. In the Square itself sat many women dealing in grapes, water-melons and pomegranates. There are lots of bookshops where in the windows, as in England, are displayed hundreds of books, pamphlets and newspapers.²⁴ I saw a printing-house and offices publishing almanacs and two newspapers; also curiosity shops with curiosities for Europeans, such as skins of lion and tiger, elephants' tusks, buffalo horns, snakes and lizards.

In the town are about 25,000 inhabitants reckoning Europeans and coloured together. Besides the blacks and the Malays one meets many suspicious-looking brown people resembling Hollanders, Frenchmen or Englishmen; they are cross-breeds between these peoples and the African women. The really indigenous and best known tribes, the Kaffirs, Hottentots and Bushmen are not to be seen in Capetown except for Hottentot servants and coachmen. They stubbornly retreat to their savage refuges, shunning civilisation and a settled life. However, the Bushmen are not numerous; they build mud huts in the bush and for that reason are called Bushmen. They do not live together as a society, but in families. They earn their living by catching fish and wild animals.

The town, by means of aqueducts, provides itself with excellent water from the mountain springs. For it the inhabitants pay rates as they do for most of the conveniences of life.²⁵ The English have introduced their system of taxation about which more will be said in the right place.

* * *

Tired and having seen enough of everything we returned at six o'clock to the hotel. There in the long dining-room a big table had been laid. We dispersed to our rooms to change for dinner. I examined my room attentively; it was long and gloomy and very high with an enormous window. In the room was a bed extremely wide according to the custom with bedcurtains,

²³ Now Greenmarket Square.

²⁴ The directory in the Cape Almanac for 1853 records the following bookshops in the town: Brittain, Collard, Juta, Robertson, Suasso de Lima and Van der Vliet. There were in fact, at this time, seven newspapers being published: *S.A. Commercial Advertiser* (3 times a week), *Cape Town Mail*, *Zuid-Afrikaan*, *Cape Monitor*, and *Exchange Gazette* (twice a week), *Cape of Good Hope Gazette* and *Government Gazette* (weekly) (*C.A.*, 1853).

²⁵ "In 1848 Cape Town consisted of 2,500 houses with only 500 private water leadings; the balance of the population fetched their water from the 'fountains' free" (P. W. Laidler, *Growth and government of Cape Town*, C.T., 1940, p. 463). By 1852 the number of private leadings had increased to 1,148 (*C.A.* 1854, p. 135). There were 45 of these public fountains in the City, of which only one or two survive to-day. The canal in the Heerengracht (Adderley Street) was not covered in until 1856. In 1855 the rates were 1d. in the £, with an additional water-rate of 30s. per annum per 100 gallons supplied in private leadings.

a rubbishy walnut table, a few rickety chairs, wallpaper torn in several places and on the ceiling a stain displaying its splendour. In the window one pane was broken. On the table stood a small looking-glass in a simple frame with a drawer. I toured the room twice, looked at my unopened bag crammed full of linen and suits and sighed from the bottom of my soul. "Fadeev, Philip! where are you?" The appeal to my servants broke from my tongue. I rang; a pimply short-sighted youth appeared and the room suddenly smelt of dog. "Water for shaving", I said. "Yes, sir", he answered, and did not bring it. I rang and he reappeared with a jug of water. "A clothes-brush for my suits." The same "Yes" as answer and the same disobedience. Suddenly the gong sounded; it was the summons to dinner. I went down into the hall. The Malay Richard had raised a bell about as big as a large glass to the level of his ears and with his eyes screwed up was ringing it with all his might on each floor and outside each room in order to bid the travellers to dinner. Then suddenly he stopped, opened his eyes, placed the bell on a round table and darted into the dining-room.

All our fellows appeared there, also an English military doctor, by the name of Weatherhead,²⁶ serving in the East Indies. On the table stood more than ten covered silver dishes according to the English custom. And what wasn't there! I sat at the end of the table; the soup tureen was set before me and I had to play the host.

Sixteen of us sat down to dinner. Weatherhead was next to me. After I had ladled out the soup for all including him, a conversation sprang up between us which started in English but changed into German, a language that I know better. It seemed to me that he purposely invented difficulties in speaking German. Soon he began to talk to everybody. He was very clever, amiable and kind. My distribution of the soup terminated. Richard took the cover from another dish on which a joint of roastbeef was smoking. I touched the joint first on one side, then on the other with a long and razor-sharp knife but when I began to carve the knife sank into the joint to half its depth. "Don't spoil the joint", said the Baron, swooning before this mountain of meat, to me. "You have to carve skilfully." I pushed the dish over to the doctor who ably began to divide the meat up into thin slices and to distribute the slices on the plates. But at that point everybody began to be his own host. Almost everyone had a dish of something or other in front of him. In front of one man was a joint of mutton and there were veal, roast meat, fish and vegetables almost all *au naturel* as the English like them; also there was curry. served everywhere from the Cape of Good Hope to China every day and

²⁶ Dr. Thomas Allman Wethered, first appointed to the Bengal Army in 1838, promoted Surgeon-Major on 11 January, 1852, and attached to Hodson's Horse. Retired 16 Aug., 1862. (India Office Lists.)

especially in India. It consists of beef or some other meat, now and then of chicken or venison, even of crayfish and particularly of shrimps, cut up into small pieces and boiled with a pungent sauce composed of ten or more Indian peppers. Moreover, they serve as well some kind of special, almost poisonous sauce from which the dish gets its name; rice boiled in water alone is an indispensable accompaniment. We, not knowing what sort of a dish it was, put it trustfully in our mouths. Then began a variety of troubles. One man stopped chewing, in doubt as to what he should do with his mouthful, another gulped and all at once made a wry face as if speaking English, another hastily swallowed, grabbed at a drink to wash the curry down, and kept right on drinking, but some (the Baron among them) manfully submitted to their fate.

As usually happens at English meals, one man passed his plate for cutlets, another asked for fish and the dinner was eaten up in no time. Richard rushed about like a cat on hot bricks and managed to serve everyone with what he wanted at the right time. To this man he brought a bottle of port, to that sherry and to the exception a glass of water. To the English water is only served at dinner for washing out the mouth. They just shout "Richard"; but it's not necessary to shout. He doesn't allow it but catches your eye and runs to you, and you, especially when you are accustomed to him, first laugh because he pulls such faces while he is getting ready to listen to you, and then tell him what you want. Even if you are only meaning to speak to him he opens his eyes wide as if he were expecting to hear something extraordinarily important and when you do actually speak he swings his head round but keeps one ear towards you, his face wrinkles up, especially his forehead, his lips twist to one side and his eyes turn to the ceiling. Seldom is a face more mobile than his to be seen; it reminds me of our Tartars.

When dinner was finished, Richard carried out the dishes one after another in a trice and then the plates, knives, forks and pieces of bread; finally, he stripped the table-cloth. I even expected that he might carry out the guests although no one felt the need for that. However, he didn't touch a single tumbler or wine-glass and left the bottles alone particularly. Then he began to place in front of each person small plates, small knives and small forks and with the same agility began to carry in the dessert, huge amber-coloured grapes and a big crystal bowl with water, pears, pomegranates and water-melon. Again there was a distribution, different fruits to different people except to our young people who each had some of all the fruit. I say nothing about the pudding; it's the same as in England, i.e. omelette with jam, a round jam-tart, and small jam-tartlets and besides some kind of cream without sugar but, it appears, with jam. Finally Richard took the dessert out but again left the bottles and wine glasses when he humbly withdrew.

To his amazement we withdrew from the bottles still more humbly and those who were rather older went into the drawing-room, but the majority made for the window in the bar. There they served, in addition, tea or coffee and charged each man for what he had eaten and drunk, wine excepted, four shillings. They served me with tea; I tasted it and couldn't decide whether to swallow it or not. I tried to remember what it was like and I recalled that together with rhubarb, mint, elder, camomile and other drugs with which they so generously regale children, they also dispensed a sort of herb like this tea. In England I thought it bad, but here it was like nothing on earth. They say it's a mixture of black and green tea, but that's not the reason why it's so bad; additionally, sand was served instead of sugar, sugary sand of course, but still sand, which made the muddy tea even muddier.

* * *

We went out again for a stroll. The night was warm but so dark that you couldn't see your hand in front of your face, although the stars were shining. For anyone going out of the brightly lighted hall by the flight of steps into the street it was just like falling into a pit. The southern night is mysterious, as beautiful as a beautiful woman in a black mist, dark and mute, though beneath her transparent veil life throbs and quivers. You feel that each breath of the night air adds to your stock of health; it refreshes your chest and nerves like a bath in cool water. It was warm, as if the night had its own dark invisible sun to warm it, still, calm and mysterious; not a movement among the leaves on the trees. We walked down to the quay and sat there on some big rocks for a long time gazing at the water. At ten o'clock the moon rose and illuminated the bay. In the distance the ships swayed gently: on the right was the white gleam of a low-lying sandy spit and far away the shapes of mountains loomed darkly.

I returned home, but it was still early; at the window of the bar Mrs. Welch and Caroline, sitting side by side on the sofa, yawned by turns. I asked something and they answered something—then Mrs. Welch yawned and Caroline after her. I wanted to laugh and looking at them, yawned until the tears came, but they only laughed. Then each of them took her candle, bowed to me and one after the other they went slowly upstairs. In the hall on the round table I saw a whole array of copper candlesticks and, oh horror! tallow candles.²⁷ They had been got ready for the guests. In England it had amazed me that such a tidy, refined people as the English, so fantastic in their way of life, and into the bargain so inventive had not

²⁷ Tallow candles were traditionally made at the Cape from sheep-fat, and smelt accordingly. Wax-candles were also made from the waxberry shrubs growing on the Muizenberg Mountains, but they do not seem to have been in general use.

invented a substitute for candles. Stearine candles there are, but they are very poor; spermaceti candles are excellent but they cost more than wax candles. "I want a wax or spermaceti candle", I said quickly. They both looked at me for half a minute then disappeared along the corridor though Caroline managed to turn and bestow another smile on me. But I went to No. 8, which was my room, holding the candle at some distance from me. The room smelt slightly of emptiness and damp.

I was on the point of sitting down to write but an English dinner would exhaust anybody and we had also tired ourselves a good deal with gadding about. I had only begun to doze off when above my right ear trilled the piercing soprano of a mosquito. I turned over—above my ear a duet rang out and then a trio, then everything became quiet. But suddenly I felt a bite on the forehead, or else on the cheek. I trembled and clasped myself at the bitten place, where there was a little swelling. I thought to swipe at the nocturnal bullies and more than once aimed at them from a distance with the palm of my hand in the dark. Bang! It was painful, but not to the mosquito, and after my box on the ear the same piercing trill resounded. A mosquito circled about my other ear and sang so softly and mockingly. I shut the wooden shutter but a little breeze made it swing backwards and forwards and clatter.

Next day at eight o'clock someone knocked at the door. "Who is there?" I said in Russian forgetting where I was; then "Who is there?" I asked in English when I had remembered. "Tea or coffee?" "Tea, if it really is tea that you are offering." I got up to open the door and at once complained to the man who had brought the tea about the mosquitoes. I asked that they should replace the broken pane of glass quickly. "Yes, sir", he answered, but I already knew what that meant.

Just as I was getting ready for a stroll, Richard's bell rang. I quickly went downstairs to find out what it meant. There was nobody at the bar window and the frame was empty. The "picture" was still sleeping. Only Richard standing in the hall closes his eyes, puts his head on one side and holding the bell in its place, bursts out—he is ringing for breakfast. It was only 9 o'clock—what sort of breakfast so early? "Neither I nor any of us is breakfasting" I said entering the dining-room and saw all our people; there was nobody else. The table was laid as for dinner. Six dishes were standing there and smoking; on a second table steamed tea and coffee. I sat down by another man and ate some fish—from curiosity "to find out what kind of fish it was" according to the Baron's method—and a small cutlet. "How does this differ from dinner?" I asked taking some grapes. "It really is dinner, only there's no soup." After breakfast I did not forget to complain to Mrs. Welch about the mosquitoes and asked that a pane of

glass should be put in my window. To Caroline also I complained, asking persuasively that she should order a pane to be put in. "Yes, oh yes!" she answered, smiling charmingly.

We went out into the street and called at our banker's office and afterwards at shops. One bought books, another suits, shoes and a variety of things. The book trade here is quite important; there are plenty of shops, the principal, Robertson's, being on the main street.²⁸ They have their own independent literature here. I saw many periodica, almanacs, books of verse and prose, maps and engravings and bought several books published here especially about the Cape Colony.²⁹ In the bookshops all the requisites for writing are sold also. The arrangement of the shops and the art of displaying the goods all remind me of England. Here, as there, you are not obliged to take what you have bought with you; they will deliver it to your house. The other shops recall England even more, only with a slightly provincial cast. Everything is rather simpler—no fifteen-foot plate glass windows, no gas and luxurious furniture. However, they have many of their own mills and factories for hats, glassware and cotton which fully satisfy the requirements of the territory. Looking at this great number of shops of different kinds I asked myself: "Where are the customers?" The population of Cape Town is from 25 to 30,000, but for the whole Colony, it is some 200,000.³⁰

At mid-day the sun was scorching. The venetian blinds were closely drawn. Movement ceased, i.e., movement on foot, but driving continued—carriages tore along at full speed, oxen slowly drew heavy wagons laden with corn and other freight and sometimes with people. In such a wagon I have seen up to fifteen people. In the middle of the street, as in England, stood a single row of carriages for hire; victorias, cabriolets for one horse and for a pair. The carriages are as if brand new, none is old fashioned, all are glossy with paint and spick and span. The black coachmen try to catch your eye but do not say a word.

We separated at a cross-road—some went to curiosity shops, some to the

²⁸ See also note 24 above.

²⁹ According to Mrs. R. M. Schönfrucht's *Cape Press*, 1851-55 (Univ. of Cape Town, School of Librarianship thesis, 1955) at least thirty items are recorded as having been locally published during 1853, apart from newspapers and periodical publications.

³⁰ There were, of course, no factories of the kind mentioned, in 1853. Experiments in growing cotton had been attempted, but not with great success. According to the Cape Blue Book for 1853, the total population of the Colony in that year was 224,827 of whom approximately 85,000 were whites. The population of Cape Town is given as 23,749 whites and coloureds.

haters, some even to the Turkish baths in a building in Market Square,³¹ in fact, we dispersed in all directions. I set off again for the shady avenue and the Botanic Garden which had pleased me greatly—among other reasons because there wasn't anywhere else in the town for a walk. I made the round of it all again with renewed pleasure, stopped in front of various trees and marvelled at the horned clumsy cactuses and once again looked curiously at Table Mountain. The songs of flocks of birds struck me. I had not heard them the previous evening, probably because it was late. Now, on the other hand, in the morning, how many songs gay and unfamiliar to a northern ear rang out! I tried to pick out with my eyes the songsters, which were quite tame. A bevy of humming birds,³² playful and brilliant, flew continually from one bush to another. They frolicked and flirted, twirling about on the branches of quite low bushes and flashing feathers of every conceivable hue. When I advanced five or six paces toward them they swept past my nose in a shower and plummeted into the nearest mulberry tree, or whatever it may have been.

At the hotel, the gong rang at one o'clock for lunch. Again one of the most essential acts of the day and of life was performed. After dessert all moved to the bar where, dressed in black with a black net on her head, Caroline sat and observed with a smile how we were gazing at her. I tried to approach the window but all the places were booked, so I went off to write letters to you and about three o'clock took them to the post myself.

I walked on the quay—always teeming with people and bustle. An embankment with a railway track stretches far out into the water and by means of it heavy loads are delivered to the ships. It is always crowded with sailors of different nationalities, with masters of ships and with common or garden gapers from the town.³³

And there's something to gaze about! In front is the immense bay with lots of ships; small boats scurry to and fro; far away is a sandy spit and beyond it the Tiger Mountains. Behind you are the three gigantic mountain masses and the gay lively town. On the embankment I passed crowds of people of all colours and especially urchins fishing with fishing-rods. In certain streets I saw many stables for riding horses. In and behind the town, you constantly meet horsemen and sometimes whole cavalcades. The

³¹ Probably the Parisian baths ("warm, cold, and shower, either for Ladies or Gentlemen, ready at all hours of the day") advertised at the French Bazaar, Church Square, in the *S.A. Commercial Advertiser*, 16 March 1853. No Turkish Baths can be traced in Greenmarket Square at that time.

³² Goncharov mistook the sun-birds (family *nectariniidae*) for humming-birds, which are not to be found at the Cape.

³³ There was no properly protected harbour until the building of the Table Bay breakwater in 1860 (R. F. M. Immelman, *Men of Good Hope*, Chapter VII).

horses are almost all of middling size but handsome. The demand for them is so great that on Sunday, if you have not arranged about it the day before, you won't find a single one. On that day, all the townsmen scatter to their country-houses. However, at one spot I saw the notice "omnibus office"—I ask where they go and they mention the nearest places, which are about 40 or 50 miles from Capetown. And they drove there long ago in ox wagons, escorted by crowds of Hottentots, to hunt for lions and tigers. Today, it's necessary to go 400 miles for lions. Towns, roads, hotels, omnibuses and noise have driven them far away. But tigers³⁴ and jackals are to be found everywhere; they roam the mountains surrounding Capetown.

* * *

However, it's dinner-time, six o'clock and the sun has set. In the hotel a certain tall well-built gentleman was waiting for me, spruce and with the most becoming side-whiskers—all the more handsome for being touched with grey. He was dressed in a blue jacket and had a black crêpe band round his hat, on his face played a constant smile, born of a modest consciousness of his own worth. In his hands he held a business-like whip. "Van Dyk",³⁵ he introduced himself. A whole train of associations flashed through my mind—"Van Dyk", a descendant of course of the renowned painter. The grandfather or great-grandfather of the Van Dyk standing before us left Holland and settled in the Colony and now here is his grandson or great-grandson. He has come, of course, to make the acquaintance of the Russians, uncommon guests here, just like the Major, A.D.C. to the Governor, whom Doctor Weatherhead brought to us yesterday.³⁶

"I am your guide to the Colony. Your banker engaged me yesterday together with two carriages and eight horses. When would you like to start?"

My train of associations was shattered.

"Tomorrow, as early as possible", we said to him.

Doctor Weatherhead after dinner once more was very amiable. Several ladies were there and among them his wife. She is ugly, God help her, thirtyish, *figure chiffonnée*. About such people they usually add "But very

³⁴ No tigers have been found at the Cape, although leopards are known to haunt the wild country behind the Hangklip Estate.

³⁵ Evert Johannes van Dyk is recorded in the *Cape Almanac*, 1853, as being in charge of the Worcester omnibus. The bankers (see p. 00 below) were Messrs. Thomson, Watson & Co.

³⁶ The only A.D.C. to the Governor at this time who fits this description is Major George Longmore (1793—1867) who fought in the Peninsular War, sold out of the Army in 1834, came to the Cape as a special magistrate under the Slave Emancipation Act, later (1854) librarian and Sergeant-at-Arms in the first Cape Parliament.

“nice”; it’s impossible to say that about her. However coquettishly she might dress, her sunken, dull eyes, and pale lips could inspire only sympathy for her sickliness. From their room, sounds of music often came, and now and then, the voice of a woman singing. The piano was beautifully played—so it was said, by the Doctor. From the first meeting this Doctor made me suspect that he was not an Englishman although he served as surgeon in an East Indian regiment. He was extraordinarily frugal in his eating, drank no wine at all and could not priase us enough for not drinking anything either. “I always look at you with much, much pleasure” he said, putting his legs on a table piled with newspapers, when after dinner we had gone into the drawing-room and the ladies had withdrawn. “How have we deserved this flattering attention?” “By your modesty and good behaviour”. “We humbly thank you. And did you, indeed, expect the opposite?” “No, I am comparing you with our officers” he continued. “The other day, an English ship arrived; about 20 officers met here and after an hour had turned the hotel upside down. First of all, they drank so much that many stayed where they were, but others couldn’t even do that and fell flat on the floor. And every day it was the same. But you also had been at sea for a long time and wanted some distraction; yet you haven’t even drunk off a bottle of wine, it’s simply astounding!”

Such remarks astonished us a little. Nobody speaks so about his countrymen and particularly with foreigners.

“Do the English in India really drink just as much as at home and eat meat and spices?” we asked.

“Oh yes, terrifically. You see that it’s hot here now. But in India you must understand, we should count it as winter; about summer it’s not even any use talking. And our people in this heat set off hunting from early morning. What do you think they fortify themselves with before they start? Tea and gin. Arrived at the appointed place they rush about in the heat all day. Then they gather at a rendezvous for dinner and each man drinks a few bottles of porter or ale and after that they go home as if nothing had happened. When they have taken a bath they are ready to eat again. And nothing comes of it”, he added, partly in anger. “Absolutely nothing—they only grow red and fat and yet I who drink nothing and eat little have to come here for six months to recuperate. But they don’t get off scot free”, he said, after a pause, “they are strong for a time, then, at a certain age their strength fails them, and you will see in England lots of Indian heroes—sitting in corners and not stirring from their arm-chairs, or who drag themselves from one spa to another.”

“Have you been here long?” we asked the Doctor.

"I took a year's leave. I have altogether three years to go for my pension. We have to serve for seventeen years. I don't know whether they will count this year. New regulations are being formulated about service in India; we don't know what will happen yet."

We asked why he chose the Cape of Good Hope, and not some other place for a rest.

"It's the nearest and besides the journey is cheaper than to anywhere else. I wanted to go to Australia, to Sydney, but many emigrants have started to go there, and berths on decent ships are now very dear. And there are two of us, I and my wife, and I draw altogether £800 to £1000 as my salary."

"Where shall you go when you have earned your pension?"

"I don't know yet myself; perhaps to France."

"But you know French?"³⁷

"Oh yes."

"Really?"

And we chatted amiably with him, for until then to tell the truth except for Arefiev who speaks fluent English it was exactly as if our mouths had been sewn up.

"It's boring for you in the evenings", he said once. "There's a club here; admission to you is free. You will make the acquaintance of local society, read the papers and smoke a cigar. It's altogether better than sitting alone in your rooms. Wouldn't you like to go there now? Come on, let's go!"

* * *

We went out. The club was like all clubs.³⁸ A series of lighted rooms, piles of newspapers, crowds of lackeys and a bar. But it was evidently still early; the rooms were empty—only in the billiard-room had about fifteen men gathered. Five of them, coatless, in their waist-coats only, were playing, the others silently watched the game. Among the players an elderly short man attracted attention. He was slightly grizzled and dressed in a red jacket with blue trousers and no tie.

"Take note of this gentleman", the Doctor said, and introduced us to him on the spot. He shook hands with us and was about to say something but three voices shouted at him, "It's you, it's you to play", and he continued playing.

³⁷ The British Museum General Catalogue records two medical theses published in French by Dr. T. A. Wethered—one at Montpellier in 1836 and the other in Paris, 1837.

³⁸ Either the South African Club House in Plein Street, or Michael Kelly's Reform Club House and coffee rooms at 7 Keizersgracht, a few doors from the Welch Hotel.

"Who is he?" we asked the Doctor.

He faltered slightly. "A gambler if you will", he said.

"Well, thanks for the introduction", I thought. As if the Doctor had divined my thoughts he said:

"I introduced you to him because he is a man remarkable for his intelligence, education and adventures; he is also lucky as a gambler. It will be interesting for you to have a talk with him. He knows everything. He has enormous credits here, in China, in Australia; they respect his note of hand as they would a banker's."

"But this young gentleman," continued the Doctor, indicating another gentleman, rather handsome and with a small moustache, "is remarkable because, although very rich, he is serving in the army just from a passion for adventure."

Watching balls rolling seemed to me uninteresting, and having left these heroes to my companions, I sat in a corner. It grew boring and I considered how we might leave. I call them. They don't come.

"We're coming just now, but wait!"

I left on the sly alone. But at home it was not cheerful either. Our doctor, the naturalist and young Zelenii had stayed there. They had all gone to bed; the naturalist if not asleep was fiddling with sea-slugs, crayfish and insects; cleaning them and drying them. Then I hit on a means of summoning my companions from the Club. After dinner they had begged Mrs. Welch and Caroline to drink tea '*en famille*' with them—as is the custom in Russia. Quite romantic! But the Welch family couldn't understand the purpose of it and evaded the invitation. I based my ruse on this incident and departed for the Club. The gambler was talking to the Baron, Posyet and the English Doctor. For a long time I angled for a spare minute; at last I caught it and said in the most careless tone that I had been at home and that the old woman Welch had asked where everyone had got to.

"What's that to her?" asked Posyet.

"I don't know", I answered nonchalantly. "It seems you asked Caroline to pour out tea."

"It wasn't I, but the Baron", Posyet interrupted me.

"Well, I don't know about that, only Caroline is sitting there behind the tea-cups and waiting."

I left Posyet and crossed over to the Baron; "you asked the old woman Welch and Caroline to drink tea with us?"

"No, it wasn't I, but Posyet. But what then?"

"Well, the tea is ready and Caroline is waiting." I wanted to turn to Posyet to persuade him to go, but he had already gone.

"But this Mr. Gambler is not at all entertaining", remarked the

Baron, yawning. "Much better to go to bed."

We went out and found Posyet in the proprietresses' room; they were both yawning, the old woman quite openly. Caroline tried to disguise her yawns with a smile. About tea neither of them asked either me or the others, who then tumbled to the trick I had played on them. We went out on to the stoep leading to the courtyard, sat down under the vine leaves and had tea, each on his own. The good Posyet began to assert that he had seen through my trick from the first, but the Baron was silent and only next day confessed that on the previous evening he had been ready to fight me.

In the morning Van Dyk again appeared to ask whether we were ready; but we weren't ready; one man's clothes had not arrived; another hadn't managed to change his money. We asked him to come at two o'clock. Van Dyk with immutable smile bowed and withdrew. At two o'clock two carriages appeared at the porch; each was harnessed to a team of four horses with two in a row. The Malay, Richard, the other black servant, a white short-sighted Englishman and finally Mrs. Welch herself and Caroline, all came out to the porch to see us off when we got into the carriages.

"Good journey, bon voyage!" they said.

(To be continued)

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Supplementing the Handlist of South African periodicals received under the Copyright Act, current in December, 1951

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(to 1st November, 1960)

(Including old ones received for the first time)

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Mens en Gemeenskap; tydskrif vir die bevordering van kennis van maatskaplike vraagstukke en maatskaplike sorg in Suid-Afrika. Redakteur, Prof. Dr. G. Cronje, Universiteit van Pretoria. £1 p.a. v. 1, no. 1, April 1960.

Q.

Der Österreicher in Südafrika; Zeitschrift für die Österreicher und ihre Freunde in Südafrika. P.O. Box 7289, Johannesburg. 6/- p.a. v. 1, no. 1, July/Sept. 1960.

Q.

Rationalist/Rationalis; organ of the Rationalist Association of South Africa. The Association, P.O. Box 11221, Johannesburg. 5/- p.a. v. 5, no. 10, November 1960.

M.

Rondalia; official organ of the Rondalia Touring Club, P.O. Box 2290, Pretoria. Free. v. 1, no. 1, April 1960.

M.

South African National Bibliography/Suid-Afrikaanse Nasionale Bibliografie. List of publications received by the State Library under Act no. 9 of 1916 (The Copyright Act). The Director, State Library, Pretoria. Free in South Africa. [no. 1], Jan./March 1960.

Q.

South African Nazarene/Suid-Afrikaanse Nazarene. Nazarene Press, P.O. Box 48, Florida, Transvaal. v. 1, no. 1, June/July 1960. Bim.

Spoorig; 'n maandblad vir die Kleurling en Indiëpersoneel van die S.A.S. en H. Publicity & Travel Dept., P.O. Box 1111,

Johannesburg. Free. v. 1, no. 1, Nov. 1960. M.

Talent; official organ of the International Arts League of Youth/ampelike blad van die Internasionale Kunstliga. 92 National Mutual Buildings, Smith St., Durban. 17/- p.a., £1/10/- per 2 years. [v. 1, no. 1], July 1960. M.

CHANGES OF TITLE, ADDRESS, INCORPORATIONS, ETC.

Rondalia became Milepost/Mylpaal with v. i, no. 6, Sept. 1960.

CEASED PUBLICATION

(Issue noted is last that appeared.)

Alexandra County News. February 1960.

[no. 5] [1957].

Auf dein Wort. March 1958.

Where to find what you want in Johannesburg. [no. 3, 1957].

Where to get what you want in Cape Town.

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS/STAATSUITGAWES

[N.B.—On account of shortage of space, Government Publications are listed in English and Afrikaans in alternate issues, with reference to the edition in the other language. *Eng.&Afr.* indicates that the English and Afrikaans versions are printed together in one volume. *Afr. uitgawe* and *Eng. edition* refer to the separately published Afrikaans and English editions. Sub-headings are given in both languages. In this issue the main entries are in Afrikaans; in the next they will be in English.—Ed.]

U.G. Serie/Series, 1959

U.G.-49. Jaarverslag insluitende verslae van die Staatsmyningenieur en die Geologiese opname vir die jaar geëindig 31

Desember 1958. Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960. 96 p. tables, diagr. 32½ cm. (23/6). *Eng. edition* 94 p.

U.G. Serie/Series, 1960

U.G.-22. Nasionale adviserende raad vir werkkolonies en toevlugte: agste jaarverslag ingevolge die Wet op werkkolonies nr. 25 van 1949, 1957. Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960. [i], 9+[i], 9 p. tables. 33 cm. (5/-). *Eng.&Afr.*

U.G.-37. Twaalfde jaarverslag van die tydperk 1 Julie 1958 tot 30 Junie 1959. Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960.

[v], 18 p. illus., map, tables. 31½ cm. (9/-). *Eng. edition* [v], 18 p.

U.G.-41. Verslag van die Kontroleur en ouditeur-generaal oor die rekenings van die Raad van beheer oor die vee- en vleisnywerhede vir die boekjaar 1 Mei 1957 tot 30 April 1958 en die balansstaat . . . Pre-

toria, Staatsdr., 1960.

29 p. tables. 32 cm. (5/9).

Eng.&Afr.

U.G.-42. Verslag van die Kontroleur en ouditeur-generaal oor die rekenings van die raad van toesig op die Suiwelynwerheid vir die boekjaar 1 Oktober 1957 tot 30 September 1958 en die balansstaat . . . Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960.

29 p. tables. 33 cm. (6/9).

Eng.&Afr.

U.G.-44. Verslag van die Pneumokonioseburo vir die tydperk 1 April 1958 tot 31 Maart 1959. Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960.

[iii], 4-11 p. tables. 33 cm. (3/-).

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U.G.-45. Verslag van die Kontroleur en ouditeur-generaal oor die rekenings van die raad van beheer oor die Koringnywerheid vir die boekjaar . . . 1957 tot . . . 1958 en die balansstaat . . . Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960. 29 p. tables. 33 cm. (7/3).
Eng.&Afr.

U.G.-46. Die Registrateur van bouverenigings, twee-en-twintigste jaarverslag vir die tydperk geëindig 31 Desember 1959. Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960.

[iii], 19 p. tables. 33 cm. (7/-).

Eng. edition [iii], 19 p.

U.G.-47. Verslag van die Kontroleur en ouditeur-generaal oor die rekenings van die Oliesaadbeheerraad vir die boekjaar 1 Julie 1957 tot 30 Junie 1958 en die balansstaat . . . Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960.

33 p. tables. 33 cm. (6/9).

Eng.&Afr.

U.G.-50. Verslag van die Kontroleur en ouditeur-generaal oor die rekenings van die Eierbeheerraad vir die boekjaar 1 Julie 1958 tot 30 Junie 1959 en die balansstaat . . . Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960.

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Eng.&Afr.

U.G.-53. Verslag van die Kontroleur en ouditeur-generaal oor die rekenings van die Droëvrugteraad vir die tydperk 1 April 1958 tot 31 Maart 1959 en die balansstaat . . . Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960.

19 p. tables. 33 cm. (5/-).

Eng.&Afr.

U.G.-54. Verslag van die Kontroleur en ouditeur-generaal oor die rekenings van die Lusernsaadbeheerraad vir die boekjaar 1 November 1958 tot 31 Oktober 1959 en die balansstaat . . . Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960.

11 p. tables. 33 cm. (2/6).

Eng.&Afr.

U.G.-55. Verslag van die Kommissie van ondersoek na die algemene distribusie en verkoopspryse van sterk drank. Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960.

[i] iv, 49 p. tables. 33 cm. (8/-).

Voorsitter A. I. Malan.

Eng. edition [i] iv, 46 p.

U.G.-56. Verslag van die Kontroleur en

ouditeur-generaal oor die rekenings van die Sigoreibeheerraad vir die boekjaar 1 Oktober 1957 tot 30 September 1958 en die balansstaat . . . Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960. 23 p. tables. 33 cm. (6/-).

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VERSLAE VAN DIE SENAAT/ SENATE REPORTS

S.K. . . . Verslag van die gekose komitee oor vraag van privilegie asook die verrigtinge van die komitee en die notule van getuienis. [Parow, K.P.], Cape Times, 1960. vi, 9 p. 33 cm. (S.K.2-1960).

Mnr. J. H. Russell en die Senaat.

Eng. edition vi, 7 [1] p.

WITBOEKE/WHITE PAPERS

W.P.F.-'60. Direkteur van waterwese: verslag oor die voorgestelde Pongolapoort-Makatinivlaktestaatswaterskema . . . 1960/61. (Pretoria, die Departement, 1960.)

16+16 p. maps (fold.), plan (fold.), tables. 33 cm.

Eng.&Afr.

WETTE/STATUTES

Loonwet no. 5 van 1957: loonvasstellings no. 201-205. [Pretoria], (Staatsdr., 1960). 5 v. tables. 24 cm.

Eng.&Afr.

DEPARTEMENTELE UITGAWES/ DEPARTMENTAL PUBLICATIONS

Aartappelraad/Potato Board

Verslag vir die boekjaar geëindig 30 September 1959. Pretoria, [die Raad, 1960].

[iv], 96 leaves, tables (some fold.). 32 cm. *Gemimeografeerd.*

Bantoe-onderwys/Bantu education

Bulletin: statistiek en ander gegewens omtrent Bantoe-onderwys vir 1959. Pretoria, Staatsdr., [1960].

[i], 3-208 p. tables. 31 cm.

Eng.&Afr.

Doeane en aksyns/Customs and excise

Buitelandse handelstatistiek, volume II: uitvoer . . . kalenderjaar 1959. Pretoria, Staatsdr., [1960].

cxi, 334 p. tables. 33 cm. (34/-).

Eng.&Afr.

Geologiese opname/Geological survey

Die steenkoolveld Standerton: state van boorgate 1 tot 13; met aantekeninge deur K. H. L. Sehlike en S. W. van der Merwe; with a summary in English. Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1959.

[v], 63 p. map (fold.), tables (some fold.), diagr. (fold.). 24 cm. (Bulletin 30). (5/6).

Handel en nywerheid, Departement van/Commerce and industries, Department of**—Afdeling visserye/Division of fisheries**

Die biologie van ghwano-produiserende seevoëls: 3, die verspreiding, talrykheid en voedingsgewoontes van die Trekduikers . . . langs die suid-westelike kus van die Kaap-provinsie, deur R. W. Rand. Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960.

[i], 3-32 p. maps, tables. 24 cm. (Onderzoekverslag no. 42).

Eng. edition [i], 3-32 p.

—Ykafdeling/Assize division

37ste jaarverslag . . . 1 Januarie tot 31 Desember 1959. Pretoria, die Afdeling, [1960].

[ii], 18 leaves. tables. 33 cm.

Gemimeografeerd.

Eng.&Afr.

Justisie, Departement van/Justice, Department of

Jaarverslag vir die kalenderjaar 1959. [Pretoria, Staatsdr.], (1960).

55+53 p. tables. 33 cm. (2/9).

Gemimeografeerd.

Eng.&Afr.

Lande, Departement van/Lands, Department of**—Driehoeksmeting/Trigonometrical survey**

Atlas van die Unie van Suid-Afrika, deur A. M. Talbot en W. J. Talbot . . . voorberei in samewerking met die Driehoeksmetingskantoor en onder beskerming van die Nasionale raad vir sosiale navorsing. Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960.

[vii] lxiv, 177 p. maps (some col. & incl. front.), tables, diagrs. 43½ × 56 cm. (180/-).

Eng.&Afr.

Landmeter-generaal/Surveyor-general

Alfabetiese lys van plase in die Provinsie Transvaal . . . Pretoria, Staatsdr., (1960).

[v], 6-118 p. maps. 33 cm. (34/3).

Eng.&Afr.

Mynwese, Departement van/Mines, Department of

Driemaandelikse verslag: minerale: 'n verslag van die Unie van Suid-Afrika en die gebied van Suidwes-Afrika, April tot Junie 1960. Pretoria, die Departement, 1960.

viii, 100 p. tables. 24 cm. (5/-).

Eng.&Afr.

Nasionale parke, Raad van kuratore vir/National parks board of trustees

Drie-en-dertigste jaarverslag . . . vir die tydperk 1 April 1958 tot 31 Maart 1959. (Pretoria, die Raad, 1960).

[ii] iv, 47 [5] leaves, tables. 32½ cm.

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Verslae/Reports, 1960(1). Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960.

[ii] iii, 15 p. 24 cm. (10/-).

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Onderwys, kuns en wetenskap, Departement van/Education, arts and science, Department of**—Nasionale buro vir opvoedkundige en maatskaplike navorsing/National bureau for educational and social research**

Die rehabilitasie van Bantoejeugoortreders: 'n opvolgstudie van 'n groep oudleerlinge van die Diepkloofverbeteringskool van 1937-1950, deur J. D. Venter. [Pretoria], die Departement, (1960).

[iii], 58 p. tables. 25 cm. (Navorsingsreeks nr. 6).

Gemimeografeerd.

Posmeester-generaal/Postmaster general
Lys van poskantore in die Unie van Suid-Afrika en naburige gebiede, Junie 1960. Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960.

[i], 3-196 p. 24 cm.

Eng.&Afr.

Raad op atoomkrag/Atomic energy board
Raad op atoomkrag, eerste en tweede jaarverslae, 1957-1958. Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960.

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Eng.&Afr.

Sensus en statistiek, Buro vir/Census and statistics, Bureau of

Landbousensus no. 32: opsommingsverslag, 1957-58. Pretoria, Staatsdr., (1960).

[i] v, 38 p. tables. 33 cm.

Eng.&Afr.

Gemimeografeerd.

Nasionale rekenings en finansies: memorandum no. 21: die staatskuld-kommissie as openbare depositonemende instelling 1957-58. Pretoria, Staatsdr., (1960).

[iii], 20 p. tables. 33 cm. (1/6).

Eng.&Afr.

Gemimeografeerd.

Oordrag van plattelandse vaste eiendom, jaar geëindig 31 Maart 1960. Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960.

ii, 29 p. tables. 33 cm. (Spesiale verslag no. 233). (2/-).

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Staatsdienskommissie/Public service commission

'n Stuiwer vir die Skatkis: wat doen beamp-tes van die Departement van Binnelandse inkomste . . . (Pretoria, Staatsdienskommissie), [1960].

[8] p. illus. 28 cm.

Eng. editon [8] p.

Suid-Afrikaanse vloot-hidrografiese kantoor /South African naval hydrographic office Getytafels, 1961. (Mowbray, K.P., die Kantoor, 1960).

9 v. tables. 32 cm.

Port Elizabeth, Simonstad, Luderitzbaai, Walvisbaai, Port Nolloth, Hermanus, Mosselbaai, Tafelbaai, Durban.

Eng.&Afr.

Gemimeografeerd.

PROVINSIALE UITGAWES/ PROVINCIAL PUBLICATIONS

Kaap die Goeie Hoop/Cape of Good Hope

Verslag van die Provinsiale ouditeur oor die rekenings van plaaslike owerhede, 1958, in verband met munisipaliteite, dorpsbesture, plaaslike besture, afdelingsrade en

Kaapse gemeenskaplike pensioenfondse vir die jaar geëindig 31 Desember 1958. [Kaapstad, die Provinsie, 1960].

227 p. 32 cm. (K.P.5B-1960).

Eng.&Afr.

— **Provinsiale raad/Provincial council**

Debatte van die Provinsiale raad 1960: der-tiende raad, eerste sessie, 1960, v. 1-4. [Kaapstad, die Provinsie, 1960].

4 v. 32 cm.

Eng.&Afr.

Gemimeografeerd.

Natal

— **Ordonnansies/Ordinances**

Ordonnansies van die Provinsie Natal, 1959. Pietermaritzburg, [die Provinsie, 1960].

189 p. 24½ cm.

Eng.&Afr.

Oranje-Vrystaat/Orange Free State

— **Onderwysdepartement/Education, De-
partment of**

Rapport oor die jaar geëindig 31 Desember 1959. Bloemfontein, A.C. White, (1960).

141 p. tables (some fold.). 33 cm.

Eng.&Afr.

Transvaal

Verslag van die Provinsiale ouditeur . . . vir die boekjaar 1958-59 oor die appropriasie- en hulprekeninge van die Provinsie en die finansiële rekeninge . . . Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960.

475 p. tables (1 fold.). 32 cm. (T.P.3-1960).

Eng.&Afr.

Verslag van die sessiekomitee insake publieke rekenings, 1957-58. Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1959.

[ii], 3-8 p. 33 cm. (T.P.S.K.2-1959/60).

Eng. edition [ii], 3-7 p.

— **Onderwysdepartement/Education de-
partment**

Handboek van onderwys regulasies; op-
gestel April 1959. Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1959.

[iii], 4-239 p. 24½ cm.

Eng.&Afr.

Verslag vir die jaar wat geëindig het op 31 Desember 1958. Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960.

[vii], 227 p. tables (some fold.). 24 cm.

Eng. edition [vii], 227 p.

—*Ordonnansies/Ordinances*

Ordonnansies van die provinsie Transvaal

1959. Pretoria, Staatsdr., [1960].

[vii], 8-401 p. 24 cm.

Eng.&Afr.

—*Perdwedrenne en weddery, Transvaalse*

provinsiale kommissie van ondersoek/

Horse racing, and betting, Transvaal

provincial commission of enquiry

Verslag . . . (Pretoria, Staatsdr., 1960).

[ii], 32 + [ii], 31 p. tables (1 fold.). 32 cm.

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